

NCAA BASKETBALL | THE LAST FOUR

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 27, 1967 40 CENTS

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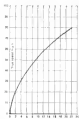
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SUNBEAM





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So, if you're a college man, or plan to become one soon, take the course that will mark you as a leader. It lasts a lifetime.

ARMY ROTC

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Next week

THE FINAL ROUND of the NCAA basketball championships is recorded by our color camera and viewed by Frank Deford. The question is: Who can beat Alcivar next season?

THE ENVY OF YOUTH in French Canada is Yvan Cournoyer, who not only stars in hockey for Montreal but also boasts a fast car, fancy clothes and an adoring young fanbase.

TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS on the west coast of Florida are in a maze of inland waterways abounding in fish, snakes, alligators, wild birds—and peopled by pretty wild characters.

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SCORECARD

BLACK SUPREMACY

Three southern high schools—Beach and Carver in Georgia and Gibbs in Florida—stole the show in this month's state high school basketball tournaments. Not only did they win state championships in their divisions, they made history. The three are all-Negro schools—the first in the Deep South to play in white tournaments.

In the South most states have two high school associations, one for whites and one for Negroes, but Negro schools have broken the color line here and there. The results: Beach of Savannah won the AAA finals by 39 points over South Fulton of Atlanta, another all-Negro school; Carver of Atlanta took the AA championship, and Gibbs of St. Petersburg won the AA tournament in overtime.

Throughout the South there is suddenly a new group of high school athletes, a second party, if you will—the Negroes. In North Carolina, for instance, four of the 10 top teams were Negro. In Tennessee, where last year all-Negro Pearl of Nashville won the previously all-white state tournament, four of the seven best college prospects are Negroes. Even in Alabama times are changing: In 1966 a Negro on an integrated team was runner-up in the voting for MVP of the AAAAA tournament. And this year a Negro made the Class A all-tournament team.

Russell Ellington, the coach of Beach, explained why Negro teams excel: "Let's face it," he said, "most of our boys don't have anything else to do—no money, no cars and all that. Basketball gives them something physical and good to do. They play and play. They work at it, and we're proud of our record."

The most immediate benefit is that more colleges in the South are offering grants-in-aid to Negroes. Earlier this month, in making public a new recruiting policy, Georgia Tech Athletic Director Bobby Dodd said: "We show no discrimination between the white and the

Negro boy. We started looking hard in this direction early last year and will recruit any athlete we feel is good enough both athletically and academically."

If Dodd, and others, pay more than lip service, the underground railroad carrying Negro schoolboys to the Missouri Valley and the Big Ten may soon be curtailing its service. In time, too, Negro powerhouses like Beach will be humbled. As Coach Roger Couch of Druid Hills said after losing to South Fulton 83-58 in the semifinal round: "We talk a lot about integration. Let's start integrating the Negro schools." And if Coach Ellington is right, the day has to come when the Negro ballplayer will no longer have the edge on the white.

THE GIRLS FROM FLIRT

Nothing to worry about yet, but you might keep an eye on this First Ladies International Racing Team, a three-girl outfit from England that hopes to enter Monza and the other major long-distance auto races in Europe this season. They've got a new car called a Mini-Marco, outfitted to run 120 mph over the endurance route, and one big goal in mind. They want in at the 24 Hours of Le Mans on June 10 and 11—no woman has been allowed to compete there since one was injured in a prewar smashup—"to beat the men at their own game." That's fine, except that they picked their team name so they could call themselves The Girls from FLIRT, which has an un-Le Mans ring if we've ever heard one. If France less them in, it will become the Race from SHAMBLES—Stay Home and Maintain Beautiful, Ladylike Exteriors, Sweeties.

TRIPLE THREAT

"Better hold up on the flowers and cheery wares, just a bit longer," the Sierra Club told newspaper readers last week in another of its striking full-page ads. This one said that the battle against the dams in the Grand Canyon is by no means over. The Administration had, indeed,

withdrawn the support it gave last year to the upstream, or Marble Canyon dam (SI, Feb. 13). But now the chairman of the House Interior Committee, the Hon. Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, has put in a new bill for the downstream, or Bridge Canyon (also called Hualapin) dam.

Furthermore, the Arizona legislature has voted to have the state build the dams if Congress fails to authorize federal construction. Unhappily, this state project has already advanced far around the bureaucratic bases: a Federal Power Commission examiner has recommended a license for the Arizona Power Authority at Marble Canyon. If conservationists can somehow surmount these two threats, there's still another: the City of Los Angeles has also applied for an FPC license to build at Bridge Canyon.

The Grand Canyon should need no defense. Alas, such apparently is man's wonton disposition that it does. In its aid, the Sierra Club urged that letters opposing the dams be written to Governor Williams in Phoenix, Governor Reagan in Sacramento, members of the House Interior Committee in Washington and to the President. By all means.

WAITING GAME

If you're going to see someone at Brauer and Associates, a recreational-site planning firm in the Minneapolis suburb of Edina, come early and play a little golf. You can pick out a putter from the stand inside the front door and stroke a



few on the green—complete with pin—set in the reception-room floor. And if they keep you waiting long enough, you can play the par-4. The tee's in the hall by the men's room, and you should be able to get through the drafting room

continued

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SCORECARD *(continued)*

and into the reception room in three, before hollering out. A tip from President Don Braser: if you play through his office, you've got a hell of a shot at a birdie 3.

FOR STOKES

Maurice Stokes, the former St. Francis (Pa.) and Royals star, who was stricken with encephalitis in 1958, continues his slow, difficult recovery in a Cincinnati hospital, while his friend and old teammate, Jack Twyman, raises the thousands of dollars needed to pay for his rehabilitation (SI, Feb. 1, 1960 *et seq.*).

Now, in a most appropriate manner, those who have been rooting for Stokes can help, too. The Seamless Rubber Co. has put out a regulation Maurice Stokes basketball that is available nationwide in sporting goods stores and departments. The ball sells for \$7.95 and the Maurice Stokes Rehabilitation Fund will receive royalties on each one sold. In addition, Seamless has made an initial contribution to the fund. It's a good cause and a good ball. Buy one.

UNSOCIAL LIONS

A white hunter named Richard Chipperfield has had it with Africa. Last year a hippopotamus bit him on the arm, the wound requiring 28 stitches as well as hospitalization. Then an elephant stepped on him, crushing his legs, and he was back in the hospital for five months.

Now Chipperfield has turned up in not so darkest Florida. With a South African lawyer named Harry Shuster, he purchased 640 acres near West Palm Beach, where this summer he expects to open Lion Country Safari. This, in a way, will be America's answer to South Africa's Kruger National Park and the Marquis of Buth's lion preserve, which Chipperfield set up in England in 1966.

According to Shuster, Lion Country Safari will be stocked with 100 lions; at least 10 elephants and five giraffes; four rhinos, including Gus, the largest rhino (6,500 pounds) in captivity; assorted gnus, zebras, elands and chimpanzees; 40 Zulus, who will live in a "native village"; and, hopefully, 20 English white hunters.

Tourists will drive through the park, and the white hunters will be on hand to see that they don't roll down a window or—persh!—open a door. Shuster says convertibles will have to be left at the gate, where air-conditioned hardtops

(continued)

The Canadian Horatio Alger.



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will be available. In fact, Shuster recommends that all visitors use the hardtops. Otherwise it's liable to get a bit stuffy.

Last week Chipperfield and Shuster found out just how stuffy things can get: their plan to import 20 white hunters violates U.S. immigration laws, which require that you must first ascertain that there is no equivalent local help. But if they advertised for white hunters, they would run afoul of antidiscrimination laws, which forbid advertising specifying race. So they took this ad in the *Palm Beach Post Times*, the *New York Daily News* and the *New York World Journal Tribune*:

SAFARI GUIDES to patrol 640 acre wild game preserve in Florida. Min. 3 yrs exp, preferably in African bush, handling lions, elephants, hippos, rhinos, etc.

Thus far they have had replies from a zoologist and a man who "has experience with large dogs."

HORIZONTAL POWER

Marquette lost to Southern Illinois in the NIT finals, but they wore the winningest uniforms in the tournament—blue with three gold horizontal stripes, including one which took up the top half of the pants. The uniforms were designed by Mike Micheli of Milwaukee, who calls his firm Motivational Design, for "design which moves an audience."

After watching last year's Wisconsin high school basketball tournament, Micheli was unmoved. The sport was fast, but the uniforms didn't seem consonant with the tempo, and it was hard to distinguish one team from the other.

So, borrowing from football, surfing and racing-car styles, Micheli came up with uniforms "which match the pace of the game." He even filmed them and was gratified to see "broad bands of color moving with the game."

Says Micheli: "Small up-and-down-the-side stripes are effeminate. Stripes should be bold and horizontal to reflect power basketball—the game today."

THEY SAID IT

• Linda Knowles, British high jumper, after 6' 7" West German Shotputter Heinfried Birlenbach lifted her hotel room door off its hinges and carried it down the corridor at 2 a.m. during the European Indoor Games at Prague: "I wouldn't have minded, but he took the key with him."

END



Who plays the Million Dollar Ball?

Billy Casper	Gene Sarazen	Ray Floyd
Dave Marr	Terry Dill	Rod Funseth
Sam Snead	Cary Middlecoff	Vic Ghezzi
Julius Boros	E.J. "Dutch" Harrison	Dick Hort
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TWO TO GO FOR LEW

Houston is UCLA's opponent on Friday night in the NCAA semifinals, and the Cougars rely on a lot of muscle and a little voodoo. Next probably will be North Carolina, which has the L&M boys and a few lucky charms of its own. Will any of this help against Alcindor? One guess **by FRANK DEFORD**

They arrive in Louisville for the final round of the NCAA this way, as described by Milton in *Paradise Lost*:

*Hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
poor,
Strive here for moist's y.*

Hot is for Houston, a team decked out in traveling blazers of blazing red, with players named The Savage and The Duck and a coach, Guy Lewis, who wears a lucky jacket himself—the material from England, the tailoring done in Houston and good fortune in its fibers. The three times Lewis has failed to wear the jacket on the road his team has lost. Every time he has worn it the Cougars have won. In Lawrence, Kans. last weekend they beat Kansas on its home floor and then SMU.

Cold is for North Carolina, for the chilly, clear facts of history. The last time the Tar Heels got this far was exactly a decade ago, when they cooled off their hot style and beat a 7-footer named Chamberlain and his favored Kansas team. Last weekend Carolina beat Princeton in overtime, then routed Boston College.

Moist is for Dayton, for Coach Don Donohue, who got thrown in the shower for the first time when his surprise team won the Midwest Regionals, and for the Flyers themselves, who have sweated their way this far with overtime victories over Western Kentucky and Virginia Tech and a one-point win over Tennessee.

Dry is for UCLA, as in, simply, cut-



and-dried, which is how the Bruins beat everybody. The most recent victims were Wyoming and Pacific in the Western Regionals.

When fierce champions get together this weekend, figure on dry. Not the mysteries of superstition, not the lessons of the past, not even the wonderful fervor that surrounds the underdog seem likely to affect the probability that UCLA is the most impressive college team of all time. At Corvallis, Ore. last weekend Wyoming was behind 30-6 almost before a breath was drawn. The final score was 109-60. The Bruins used their old favorite, the full-court zone press, to best advantage in this game, causing 19 turnovers by Wyoming. Well ahead, the Bruins moved into a three-one-one zone that gives away corner shots but closes off nearly everything else. Lew Alcindor plays the last "one." Coach John Wooden calls that "a great psychological barrier."

Saturday night, against Pacific—which had put out defending champion Texas Western the night before—the Bruins had one of their stronger tests of the year and still won 80-64. This time they used a man-to-man in the first half, a two-one-two zone in the second. Lucius Allen started the scoring with a free throw and one UCLA fan yelled, "Game's over." It was close enough to the truth to cause even a referee to laugh.

Despite the fact that Pa-

continued

Here scoring against Kansas, Houston's Hayes has said, "No way Law's gonna run over me."



cific's fine center, Keith Swagerty, was playing with an injured ankle and had a wisdom-tooth infection lanced a few hours before game time. Pacific actually outrebounded UCLA 50-35. No one knows how to interpret these figures. Do they constitute a ray of hope? "UCLA can be beaten by a good team on a given night," Coach Dick Edwards of Pacific said. But where is this given night that keeps popping up in rhetoric but nowhere else? In fact, do those rebound figures suggest that there is no hope at all? Because if a team can manage to beat UCLA off the boards by 15 and still lose by 16, what is left? The answer is especially significant for UCLA's opponent this Friday night in Louisville, the hot Houston.

SMU Coach Doc Hayes, whose team went down valiantly 83-75 to Houston, said afterward: "We faced Bill Russell and San Francisco in 1956 and we faced Wilt Chamberlain and Kansas in 1957, but I'm not so sure that this team isn't more powerful than either." The Cougars handled SMU off the boards 52-38, held SMU to 41% from the floor and All-America Elvin Hayes took care of the rest. The Huge E outshone Westley Unseld of Louisville and everybody else in this Regional, scoring 31 against SMU and 19 in the Friday-night win over Kansas. The Houston triumph over Kansas was as unexpected as SMU's last-second win over Louisville.

More significant, perhaps, than the upsets was the yo-yo manner in which several of the games were played. With the exception of UCLA's two wins and North Carolina's stunning 96-80 rout of Boston College, there was no game in which a team showed the ability to get ahead and take over. Every time someone opened up a big lead, it was a prelude to collapse. St. John's, for example, led BC 50-41 with 6:18 left and lost in the last minute. Carolina had several six-point advantages over Princeton and lost them all before coming back in overtime. Houston had Kansas beaten by 10 and saw that dwindle to four before winning 66-53. The next night Houston had SMU 62-48, and six minutes later it was 71-71. SMU trailed by eight with 5:47 left against Louisville, then won in the last seconds. Virginia Tech led Dayton 62-52 with 8:14 remaining and finally lost in overtime. It was great for spectators, hell on coaches.

Much of this was inexplicable, too. Louisville shot 56% from the floor against SMU, and 36% from the free-throw line. Boston College shot 29% from the field, but 86% from the free-throw line. The Eagles hit their last 21 in a row to beat St. John's.

Dayton, which plays man-to-man defense about 80% of the time, used a one-two-two zone to beat Tennessee. The switch gave the Vols the baseline, but scouting reports had indicated (correctly) that Tennessee did not drive well. Houston dropped its pressing defenses for only the second time in five years and beat Kansas with a straight zone. The Jayhawks, who have overpowered opponents all year, could not loft the ball over the tall Texans in order to get it inside. Similarly, Boston College, bigger than most of its earlier opponents, simply could not match up against North Carolina and had to move into a zone—without success. The key in that game was Carolina's Bob Lewis, who went through the most startling transformation of the tournament. A high-scoring forward last year, Lewis was shifted to guard and had more playmaking responsibilities this season. Recently he had tried to regain some of his shooting skill, but his whole game and his confidence had deteriorated. He made only seven points in regulation time against Princeton, and while he did get seven more in the overtime—including a three-point play that put Carolina on top for good—it did little to assuage his self-doubts. "This was going to be my livelihood," he moaned, "I'll never make a nickel out of this game if I go on like this." He asked Coach Dean Smith for a special shooting practice Saturday morning. Smith denied permission. "It isn't your shooting, Bob," said Smith. "Now it's all in your head."

The head cleared just in time. Carolina was down 12-3 to BC when Lewis made two foul shots, then broke away for a basket. The Tar Heels were off with him. Moving underneath when a little guard was on him and outside with a bigger man, Lewis hit 11 of 18 shots for 31 points, and had six assists besides. With Lewis' All-America partner, Larry Miller, adding 22, Carolina showed the form necessary to take it past Dayton to the finals. In the game with Dayton Lewis, 6'3", probably will be guarded by Bob Hooper, who is only 6 feet but held Virginia Tech's 6'2" Glen Combs





to 16 points after Combs had thrown in 29 against Indiana. Moreover, Combs made five of his seven baskets against Dayton in a short stretch when Hooper and the Flyers were playing more of a slough-off defense. Miller will be guarded by Dan Sadler, one of Dayton's two sophomore starters.

Carolina did a fine job of stopping BC's high-scoring forward, Steve Adelman. The Tar Heels played him close, preferring to let him drive, and he had only four for 12 from the floor. But Dayton's marvelous Don May, a 6' 4", 218-pound left-hander, presents a more complex problem. Like Lewis, May suddenly came alive Saturday night. After a desultory two-for-10 shooting performance against Tennessee, he made 28 points against Tech, and the Flyers played to him repeatedly during their comeback. Tar Heel sophomores Bill Bunting and Joe Brown, who handled Adelman most of the time, probably will split the assignment on May.

Carolina sophomore Rusty Clark will give Miller more help on the boards than May gets. Clark pulled down 18 rebounds against BC—most of them, it seemed, after he and Adelman got riled up and traded a couple of good solid blows. That stirred Rusty. Ironically, a contented away, Alcindor was struggling to contain himself against the tough Pacific front line. "They're big," he said. "When it got muscular in there, I tried to keep my temper. It's happened before, but there's not much you can do about it." This appears to be a rather wistful complaint from anyone who is so personally involved with the rough business of rebounding. Certainly it will be just as muscular underneath against Houston. The Cougars have Hayes, 6'8", Don Kruse, 6'8", and Melvin Bell, 6'7", up front.

Coach Lewis figures he must depend on his strength, and vows that there will be no tricky stuff. "We'll play them honest," he says. The success of the Houston zone against Kansas may encourage Lewis to trot it out against UCLA. The Bruins can set up an any defense, without too much concern about Houston's weak outside shooting.

UCLA will also be in better shape this weekend than last, when the players were devoting much of their time and

thought to exams. Alcindor missed one practice, as did several others, and some of the Bruins even had to take exams after flying to Corvallis on Thursday. The tests, sealed, were shipped to Oregon, along with proctors to oversee them.

While the Houston-UCLA match is liable to be freewheeling and high scoring, a UCLA final with Carolina could be a fascinating battle of wits. Dean Smith would surely come up with a surprise—possibly a variation of his four-corner game, which spreads four men out and leaves either Miller or Lewis in the middle, looking for a one-on-one break. This offense is often used to stall if the Tar Heels are ahead, but it does not necessarily dictate a stalling game. What it does, in effect, is force the defense to contest the issue.

Carolina also offers a collection of tall-mans, superstitions and burnt offerings that make Coach Lewis' lucky coat seem pale by comparison. Assistant Coach Larry Brown has a 10-0 game record while wearing a white tie. His wife, all alone at home, puts on a special maternity dress to watch the game on television. Miller used to wear a St. Christopher's medal given to him by his mother. It was torn off in the Duke game two weeks ago, and a strange woman suddenly appeared at a Carolina pep rally with a new one for him. In the meantime he had retrieved the one he had lost. So now he wears two St. Christopher's medals. They clang about his neck, fair warning to evil spirits.

But what about Alcindor? Seattle's Lionel Purcell says run on him. Bob Boyd, whose Southern California team came closest to beating UCLA, advocates the play he used in that game: "Be ball-control-conscious," he says. "And you must zone and double-team Lew." Pete Newell, the California athletic director, thinks that's ridiculous. "What good does it do," he asks, "putting a man in front of Alcindor so he can play his belly button?" Newell also votes against a press, because the UCLA guards, notably Mike Warren, would break it in a moment. Says Red Auerbach: "You might be able to congest the middle." Pause. "No, Alcindor is so big and strong, he'd still get the ball and you would be just fouling and fouling trying to keep him from getting it."

Mark an X in the box next to the answer you prefer and then go on to the next quandary.

Powerful Don May, rebounding against Virginia Tech, will be North Carolina's chief problem.

END

FASTEST MAN ON ANY MOUNTAIN

On successive weekends of U.S. racing, Jean-Claude Killy won seven out of seven races, bringing his season victories to 16 and establishing his position as the greatest skier the sport has produced **by DAN JENKINS**

In a pink button-down American shirt or in the light-blue silk-and-nylon downhill suit of the French racing team, Jean-Claude Killy (see cover) goes right on beating everyone down the curving snow trails of the world like no skier should (or ever has). Last weekend in the warm, sunny Rockies of Colorado, he recklessly added four more victories to an already imposing string of successes, and people who have been around the Alpine sport for awhile began to ask themselves why they had ever thought heroes like Stein Eriksen or Tom Sailer could ski a lick. No racer before Killy has even faintly approached his season of 1967. Years from now, in fact, when the spectator sport of watching people fall down mountains is better understood and more popular, Killy's record may be regarded with all the mystic-eyed reverence accorded a Babe Ruth summer.

The handsome, little Frenchman arrived in the U.S. a fortnight ago after winning all the big races in the Alps of Switzerland and Austria, France and Italy, and promptly won three more in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. No one would have thought the less of him had he gone to Vail, Colo., for the American international team races and smoked a few cigars, drunk a little Bordeaux and cooled it. Not Killy. All he did at Vail was win the slalom, giant slalom and downhill, leading the French to victory over the hating Austrians, the surprisingly good U.S. and the poor Swiss and Canadians, who finished in that order. Then, as a final set-back on the world, Jean-Claude won the Vail Trophy giant slalom on Sunday, rattling up a perfect score in the World Cup competition by beating the U.S.'s vastly improved Jimmy Heuga, his close friend, and for the third race in two weeks, his closest rival.

On the same day, Nancy Greene of Canada (who had won the giant slalom in the team races) narrowed the gap for the girls' World Cup (Sl. March 20) by winning the Vail Trophy. This not only clinched the World Cup giant slalom medal, but sends her off to the last World Cup events at Jackson Hole, Wyo. this weekend with a shot at the cup itself. Marielle Goitschel still leads the girls with 169 points. Annie Famose, third at the Vail Trophy giant slalom, added 12 points to her overall, giving her 158. Nancy, who already had 65 World Cup giant slalom points, added 10 more, bringing her overall total to 151.

With his Vail Cup victory, Killy had swept seven races over a 10-day period in the U.S. against the best skiers in the world. His remarkable box score for the season shows that he has captured seven out of seven downhill, four out of five giant slaloms and four out of eight slaloms, or to put it more simply, he has outskied the world 15 of the 20 times he has left a starting gate. Tom and Stein can put *war* in their heet and try to buckle it.

The overwhelming proof of Killy's superiority has come in the downhill, skiing's most glamorous and dangerous event. Heretofore, if a racer took just one of the major downhills in the world, he could get free wanner schnitzel for months. Killy's seven downhill wins included the Lauberhorn, the Hahnenkamm and the Kandahar—the rough equivalent of a golfer's winning the U.S. Open, the Masters and the British Open.

The Vail downhill that Killy won last Saturday, a victory, incidentally, that virtually clinched the team championship for the French even before a late rally by the Austrian girls made the final point totals seem respectable (231-228), was not one of the most difficult on the circuit, but it afforded Jean-

Claude the opportunity to be everything that he is on skis. At the top of the Vail international trail, his supple body twisted around the control gates as if, at times, he might be headed for the woods. Through the flats he bent into a deep tuck to knife the wind and held, though his boards chattered and strayed. On the ridges he soared—"took air," as racers say—like a Nordic jumper and seemed to lose his balance for an instant, only to regain it and head even more aggressively down the course. Near the finish line, which led to an ill-prepared runoff with a small snow wall that was supposed to keep the competitors from skussing over to Aspen, there was a horrible half second when one of his skis edged out. Jean-Claude dragged the ski back in as easily as a poker player would pull in the chips and sped under the finish banner one lunge faster than his nearest rival, Austria's Gerhard Nennig. To stop, he had to slide into the wall like Willie Mays stealing second base, but he was unhurt and a winner again.

It had been a typical Killy race, suspense all the way, far from the dainty waltz turns that instructors teach, and several carved gates from the stylish form that racers for years have felt was necessary. His equally close victories in the slalom over Jimmy Heuga, by a scant 58 second, and over teammate Guy Périllat in the giant slalom, by a little more than a second, had been just as rough-edged. He literally leapt-frogged down those courses, swatting gate poles, springing back from awkward positions, nose-diving downward.

Only one of Killy's best slalom runs of the year could have overtaken Heuga. The friendly and polished Californian, brimming with new-found confidence, set the pace as he did the week before in Francfort. But in Vail as in New Hamp-

shire, there was one man left who could nip him on the clock—Killy. And he did it with a pink-shirted all-out run that had his teammates gasping down below.

"Jimmy is very good," said Killy. "I had to ski my hardest to beat him."

Killy's spectaculars unfortunately distracted from the brilliant showing of Coach Bob Beattie's Americans. As a team, the U.S. had its best weekend since it first emerged as a serious Alpine contender at the Innsbruck Olympics. Heuga not only grabbed second in the slalom, he placed second and fourth in the giant slaloms while Rick Chaffee got a wondrous third. Jim Burrows displayed a heartening consistency in the downhill, taking sixth after his unexpected third at Franconia, in each case only a second or two behind Killy.

Meanwhile the U.S. girls made their own contributions. Grinning, colorful Suzy Chaffee sped to a stunning third in the giant slalom. Through the first two days of racing, in fact, the U.S. threatened to beat Austria for second place, a prospect that had a lot of fans in Vail keeping bars open through the night.

That hope slowly disappeared with the downhill events, and it came to a concluding splat when Suzy Chaffee took one of the major league falls of the season. Though tall and pretty, Suzy is a fierce competitor, one who seems determined to take America to the peak of Mt. Everest as a ski team. The downhill is her best event, and through the first half of the Vail run her time was faster than any, even that of World Champion Erika Schinegger of Austria who eventually won the race. But Suzy suddenly went out of control coming off a curve and did a 50-yard end-over-ender, the result of which, sadly, was a dislocated hip.

Why Jean-Claude Killy never takes one of these eggbeaters with his daredevil technique—indeed, why he keeps on beating the stretch pants off everyone—is a mystery that is driving the other ski nations buggy. Killy has his own explanation of his success.

"In the past I have always concentrated on the difficult part of the courses," he said, softly. "But now I try to make time everywhere, especially on the flats and easy parts. I try to make time, especially where others may fail."

He said, "I also train harder now during the racing season. I think about nothing but ski, eat and sleep. I used to make jokes, you know, with my good

continued



In short-sleeve weather, Killy waits at finish of slalom, confident no one can beat his time.

friends, the Americans. But they are trying more seriously. They are not so much fun, because they are trying to beat me."

Not bragging, but simply stating a truth, Jean-Claude said, "When you are the best in the world, you can't make too many jokes, anyhow, no?"

The government-subsidized French racing program contributes to the edge, Killy feels. For example, Coach Honoré

Bonnet has it so well organized that an early December training in Val-d'Isère, Killy's home, the team members can sometimes run 450 slalom gates a day without having to climb the hills to replace the knocked-down poles—and thus risk wearing themselves out. "We can better concentrate on technique," Killy said, explaining that from 10 to 20 team helpers stand by the practice course

and man the gates. Such a broad program makes the Americans drool and the Austrians look troubled.

"We have never worked so hard, like the Austrians, that we got tired," he said. "We don't start skiing until Nov. 10. Before that we ride bicycles and run. After Jackson Hole I will not ski until next November, except for maybe 10 days this summer on the Col de l'Iseran

IT'S A SORT OF MINI-YOGA



Seven years ago at the Squaw Valley Olympics the French astonished the ski set with their "egg position" racing stance—and now, sitting on the floor in what looks vaguely like a lotus position, World Champion Jean-Claude Killy has another French secret that could be just as revolutionary. "You cannot win races if you are not relaxed," he says. And to relax, the French team has turned to yoga. Well, not really yoga, but a sort of mini-yoga, aimed at keeping the mind loose and the body limber.

French National Team Coach Honoré Bonnet fathered the method and insists, "We are not bikers. The purpose is to liberate the mind and relax the body." Each racer, he says, does as much yoga as he needs. Killy and his tiny teammate, Annie Famose, take half an hour before dinner each day. Exercises are all on the floor and consist of languidly stretching arms, legs and torso. They do not seek strength ("you are strong enough or you wouldn't be racing," says Killy); they seek the easy suppleness of gymnasts.



when I try out some new skis and boots."

Killy only grins at the claims of the Austrians that while he's good, he is also lucky. "I do not think it is so much luck," he said. "I am confident, and this is very important, of course. It was most important to me that I do well in Austria, and that is why Kitzbühel was really my peak this year."

At Kitzbühel in the Hahnenkamm

races, Killy flashed to a new record in the downhill, burying the nearest Austrian by nearly four seconds—an incredible humiliation in skiing—and to make matters worse for Toni Sailer's home town, Killy had the fastest time in both runs of the slalom, and won it easily. That was in January. He could have stopped there and still been the biggest thing in France since Bardot's bikini

But Killy has forgotten how to lose.

"In a starting gate," he said, "it never occurs to me that I will not be first."

It doesn't occur to anyone else, either. As Austria's best skier, Heini Messner, summed it up at Vail, "I was at the top of the downhill, trying to concentrate, and suddenly it crossed my mind. Killy is going to win, not me."

Call it French on the brain.

END



Killy and Annie flop on the floor with both legs outstretched, their palms under their insides, their feet heads on their knees in a pose that would wrench the spine of an ordinary athlete. As a windup, they rest on their elbows and the backs of their necks, feet straight in the air, for five quiet minutes. "Think of nothing," warns Annie. "else, how can you relax?" Bonnet says mini-yoga will work wonders for everybody, even nonskiers. The rest is easy: come down off your neck, eat an apple before

every meal and forget all about diet. Eat all you want. Fall asleep instantly ("I go poof!" says Killy), awake limber and go win races. "This is really not yoga," says Killy, "but it is like yoga in that you do not think and you never worry." The French may have something, at that. Next to them other racers look overtrained, overmuscle and overtime. And the rest of the ski world cannot argue with success. After all, that egg position wasn't really an egg.

—BOB OITUM



THE TRUE FOOTBALL GETS



ITS BIG CHANCE

Money from millionaires and exposure by television give the world's most popular team game its first opportunity to win the hearts of the American sports audience. Starting next month the U.S. will be treated to its first look at seriously promoted soccer, with all its marvelous and dramatic action.

by MARTIN KANE

A victim of circumstance and Yankee inventiveness, the game of soccer—supreme among sporting pastimes as much of the rest of the world—never has been popular in the United States. Introduced to this country around 1830, its misfortune appears to have been that after the Civil War, when the transplanted game was just beginning to develop in an organized way, it ran headlong into something that used to be known as “Harvard indifference.” At the same time baseball was becoming a passion (the first professional baseball league was formed in 1871, and *Casey at the Bat* was written in 1888), basketball was about to be invented (in 1891) and, most significantly, college football was born, because Harvard (in 1873) decided that it preferred its own “Boston game” to soccer. That year Harvard declined to attend a New York meeting at which Yale, Columbia, Princeton and Rutgers were to form the Intercollegiate Football Association, which is to say, the intercollegiate soccer association. Had Harvard participated in that meeting, soccer might have become our great intercollegiate and professional sport. Football, as we know it today, would have been buried under an elm in Harvard Yard. But the men of Cambridge stood aloof, and soccer lost its big chance. The “Boston game” was on the order of Rugby. From it evolved football, American style.

Now, almost a century later, some venturesome men—rich, persuasive and many of them well schooled in the promotion of sport—have decided that if soccer entrances—and even maddens—such disparate peoples as Britons and Latvians, Brazilians and Germans, Africans and Afrikaners, it must then be a sport that can hold the attention of Americans, too. Early last summer these men decided to invest millions, and millions more over a period of years, in testing their belief. So in April two professional soccer leagues—the United Soccer Association (which originally called itself the North American Soccer League) and the National Professional Soccer League—will turn baseball diamonds into soccer pitches and try to attract crowds to a game that as yet most Americans know little of and care less about. If the entrepreneurs are right, if soccer should become something more than a game played by little clubs of

ethnic persuasion longing for the ways of the old country, or by poorly coached high schools and colleges because soccer is inexpensive to equip (which is how basketball got its start), then the backers of the two leagues stand to make millions on their investment. The value of franchises will increase, as has happened in other professional sports, and gate receipts will provide formidable income. If they are wrong—well, it appears that there are ways to write these losses off.

Early last summer, when the idea began to take form, there was to have been but one league, and play was not to have started until the 1968 summer season, after careful preparation. Differences of opinion arose, about which embittered principals in both leagues are willing to talk only vaguely, and the split occurred. The Uniteds, who now include among their number such well-heeled sports impresarios as Gabe Paul, Lamar Hunt, Bill Ford, Roy Hofheinz and Jack Kent Cooke, say that they refused to consider a proffered Columbia Broadcasting System television contract, which, though it was announced as giving the NPSL 10 years of television exposure at \$1 million for the first year and more on an upward sliding scale for the following years, also gives CBS the right to drop the whole enterprise at any time. (“It is a unilateral contract,” says one United club owner, “in which CBS retains all the options. As I read it, CBS doesn’t even have to put on one game.”) The network denies that it offered the contract to United officials but concedes that it discussed it with them, then chose NPSL because it was further along in the hiring of coaches, players and stadiums. In any event, NPSL, which includes among its owners such pro football names as Dan Reeves, John Rooney and Bill Bidwill and baseball men like William Bartholomew of Atlanta and Jerry Hoffberger of Baltimore, grabbed the contract and stole a march on its rival by setting up plans for a regular 1967 season. United thereupon was driven to equally hurried hiring of foreign teams, in their entirety, to “represent” the United cities for a 1967 opening season instead of fielding its own teams a year later as planned.

At this point the whole deal began to have the look of chaos, and cooler heads on both sides considered the advantages of reconciliation. Some, like

the forthright Hoffberger, owner of the Orioles and the Baltimore NPSL team, go so far as to say that an eventual rapprochement is “imperative” if professional soccer is to be viable. Although reconciliation seems far off just now, one recalls that even the National Football League and the American Football League got around to speaking to each other after a while.

Despite the split, there is optimism in both camps, boiling down to the fact that soccer is, in essence, such a splendid game and that it never has had enough money behind it for adequate presentation (promotion) to the American sports public. This optimism was intensified when the World Cup championship game between England and West Germany, the World Series of soccer, was televised live via satellite last July and attracted an audience of 10 million in the U.S., 400 million around the world. That proved Americans will watch soccer, if only for free. And attendance figures at some recent exhibition games proved they will even pay to see good soccer. A Brazil-Argentina game in Los Angeles last January was watched by 29,205. The Santos-Milan game at Yankee Stadium in September 1966 drew 41,598 spectators—a modern U.S. record. Benfica of Lisbon vs. Santos of Brazil at New York City’s Downing Stadium attracted a capacity crowd of 28,000 last summer. Fans trying to get to it caused a major traffic jam on the Triborough Bridge.

Various owners in the two leagues give different estimates as to what their break-even point would be in terms of attendance, but 12,000 is a generally accepted figure.

“The formula for success in professional soccer,” says John Allyn, who with his brother Arthur owns the Chicago White Sox and Chicago’s United soccer team, the Mustangs, “is the same as for professional football: a limited number of games at a time when a maximum number of people are free to go to them. This is the main reason, I think, why pro football sells out the park every single Sunday. Obviously, you have to have a good game to start with. If baseball were played only on 20 Sundays in a 20-game season, you’d sell out the ball park every week, but baseball has become such an expensive game to operate that you can’t manage on a 20-game season.”

continued



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What this country
needs is a good
old-fashioned bargain.



Wright T.Rousers

It will take good promotion to get even 12,000 fans out of the living room and into the soccer stands, but now, for the first time, American soccer is going to get just that. About all the promotion the sport ever had previously was provided by the long-improvised United States Soccer Football Association, which, operating on a budget as meager as \$75,000 a year—even less, according to some sources—is the governing body of U.S. amateur and professional soccer. A dedicated little band, USSFA officials have been able to do substantially nothing on an income derived from fees like 40¢ a year for amateur registration and 10¢ for junior (18 and under) registration.

Now, though, USSFA is suddenly rich. It gave recognition to the United Soccer Association, which meant that United was gifted automatically with recognition by FIFA (Federation Internationale de Football Association), world ruling body of the sport, of which USSFA is a member. In return for recognition, United has agreed that each of its 10 teams will pay USSFA an initial \$25,000 for the franchise plus an annual 4% of the live gate and 10% of any television fees. In the British Isles a team pays 10 guineas a year (\$29) and has FIFA recognition, but in England there is no particular need to promote soccer. In the U.S. there is.

"That \$25,000 fee," says John Allyn, "is going back into building soccer. The whole arrangement means nothing to us from a cost standpoint, but it does mean \$250,000 to \$500,000 a year for USSFA."

For a time, probably a long time, almost all the players in U.S. soccer will be aliens—Yugoslavs, Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Latin Americans, etc. *ad infinitum*. There just are not enough American players of professional caliber to come close to filling the rosters. It is a polyglot situation and has led to a problem. How are players and coaches, speaking a mess of languages, to understand each other? Well, NPSL teams have been sending their players and coaches to Berlitz classes. A 700-word vocabulary is considered sufficient for the purposes of plotting strategy, directing play and arguing with the referee.

Recruitment of foreign players has not been without its headaches. Since FIFA does not recognize the NPSL, it has put

the threat of expulsion in the way of every foreign player tempted by that league. Indeed, Sir Stanley Rous, president of FIFA, holds that the only country in the world where the league could sign good players without offending FIFA is Red China.

"The rebel league [NPSL] must realize," Sir Stanley said, "that it is my duty to deal with national associations and not leagues or individuals. I have done my best to get them to join USSFA. The USSFA have told me that they have made repeated invitations to the rebel league to join them, and their advances have been rejected. They just do not seem to want to conform to rules and regulations."

Dennis Follows, secretary of England's Football Association, has said of the NPSL: "These people are now outside international football law. Any dealings with them carry the threat of permanent suspension. Any player who goes over there [to the U.S.] should do so with full knowledge of the consequences." Follows' stern warning has been echoed by the English players' "trade union," the Professional Footballers' Association. The Swiss Soccer Federation announced that players and trainers who sign with the NPSL can never again play in their own countries.

But nowhere in Europe was indignation about the "American raiders" more pronounced than in Germany, where enthusiasm had been the first reaction to word that professional soccer was taking form in the U.S. After the appearance on the recruiting scene of Al Kaczmarek, German-born American representative of the NPSL, the response was drastically reversed, and the very respectable Munich newspaper *Süddeutsche Zeitung* was moved to headline: *SOCCER GANGSTERS AT WORK*.

Kaczmarek's description of his proselytizing technique is wonderfully reminiscent of the methods used until this year by the AFL and NFL in recruiting American college football players. Taking fancy suites at luxury hotels, Kaczmarek met with the players secretly.

"We warned them," he explained, "not to notify the press nor to tell their teams. We didn't want to push these fellows. I showed them pictures of Soldier Field and Atlanta Stadium. I told them about America, that there they would find a better country, make a better living and

he with better people. We told them that they would be able to go to college and that we would pay their transportation over there. In general, we offered salaries of about \$25,000."

"About" is an elastic word. Some players have been signed for as little as \$7,000, and NPSL owners have described average salaries as "in the teens." In the beginning an informal effort was made to have each NPSL team agree to limit its total salary budget to \$200,000, but this was found to be possibly illegal because of antitrust restrictions and, as one owner noted, "impractical once the bidding began."

The basic reluctance of the NPSL to join USSFA, and thereby FIFA, may stem from the high cost of obtaining players under FIFA regulations. Transfer fees required from the "buying" team for top-ranked soccer players can be enormous. For instance, Luis Suárez, the Spanish player with Internazionale of Milan, makes an estimated \$42,000 a year, plus perquisites like advertising endorsements. When he was transferred from Barcelona to Internazionale in 1961 the fee came to \$397,600. The world-record transfer fee is \$680,400, paid by Roma for Angelo Sormani in 1963.

The NPSL has dug into its pockets for some modest transfer fees, but in the main it has been signing older players whose contracts have expired or youngsters who have no immediate prospect of making a foreign team. There have been instances in which exaggerated notions of American wealth have led to curious dickering. One Mexican team offered to sell its star player to an American club for \$45,000. The club rejected the deal but politely inquired how much the whole team would cost. The rebuffed Mexicans thought it over and replied, "fifty thousand dollars."

When Kaczmarek jetted home to the U.S. a few weeks ago, leaving behind a vapor trail of ill will, he carried with him the contracts of some 60 European players—but players regarded by Europeans as second-rate. Still, second-rate may not be too bad—for a starter. To expect more of an American team at this stage is to expect too much. The chances are that second-rate soccer will be a sight better than what has been available in this country up to now, and with good coaching and player development over the years the situation should improve.

continued



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BEN HOGAN

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The fact that soccer is reported so inconspicuously on the sports pages, when at all, has led to an assumption that it is played by practically no one in the U.S. Actually, there are 2,000 high- and prep-school soccer teams, and in the past decade the number of college teams has doubled to about 500. There are some 4,500 active players in the San Francisco area. There are 223 organized teams in and around Chicago. Los Angeles has 164. And so on. None of these teams attract big crowds, but neither do college baseball teams.

It has been feared that Americans, accustomed to high-scoring games like football and basketball, will not care greatly for a game that often ends in scoreless ties. But Dan Tana, the Yugoslav who is general manager of the Los Angeles NPSL club, holds that soccer is "perfectly tailored for the American sports fan because it has speed, it has action, it has roughness, it has beauty, it has finesse—it has everything." A soccer player using his head and his feet can do to that ball what a Harlem Globetrotter does with a basketball, Tana says. "And, conditionwise, a football or basketball player could not last 10 minutes on a soccer field."

As for the low-scoring aspect of the game, Tana responds by recounting how many times thousands of baseball fans have crowded into a park to thrill to the sight of a Sandy Koufax holding the opposing team hitless.

There have been protests, too, that soccer will chew up a field and make it unplayable for baseball. That remains to be seen. The soccer cleat, shaped like a truncated cone and only three-quarters of an inch deep, would appear to be much less destructive to turf than the cleat used in football, and the action in soccer is not nearly so concentrated.

In a study of soccer undertaken for the U.S. Olympic Committee after the 1964 Olympics, Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge, Mass. research organization, reported that some resistance to soccer expansion "at the secondary and elementary school levels has come from school authorities and others concerned about potential competition with existing major football programs." But, the report pointed out, "soccer does not draw on the same participant group as football; soccer opens up the opportunity for others to participate in the athletic

program who would otherwise be eliminated because of small size or weight."

Soccer does not require that a player be seven feet tall or weigh 230 pounds. It does call for the agility that is expected of every well-endowed athlete and for a stamina that, these days, is demanded mostly of boxers, swimmers, amateur wrestlers and track men. Soccer is played in two 45-minute halves of almost uninterrupted action. It demands an expertise in the manipulation of a round ball that can be appreciated fully only by those who know the difference between an inside-of-the-thigh trap and a volley kick. Not many Americans do. On the other hand, not many Americans are so knowledgeable about baseball or football as they pretend to be in saloons after the game. Few of us who enjoy these sports have the knowledge to warrant disputing a call by a Casey Stengel or a Bear Bryant. We do it, though, and have fun in the doing.

What may hurt professional soccer most in the U.S. is the season in which it will be played. In most of the rest of the world it is considered a winter game. It is difficult to see how its inherent speed can be maintained for 90 minutes in, say, the 90° humid heat of midsummer St. Louis, New York or Chicago. The teams that the United League is importing will have just finished an arduous full season of play abroad. Will they be able to endure such a demanding game through the hot summer?

The condition of the grounds will be an important factor, too. Played in the rainy season elsewhere, soccer is then at its best, because on moist turf a moderate bounce of the ball brings out the game's finest action. Good soccer grounds should not be bone-dry, as baseball fields often are in the heat of July and August.

Even so, American soccer now has its greatest opportunity. If those who control this burgeoning game in the U.S. have the good sense and the enlightened self-interest to discipline themselves and to take a decent posture toward soccer, we may yet have a shot at international recognition in a game that, thanks to an accident in sporting history, passed us by.

In the words of W. B. Cutler, board chairman of the NPSL's Chicago Spurs, "Soccer is like vodka was 10 years ago. The public's going to have to be educated to it."

END

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Throughout the school year they carry lacrosse sticks around the campus of Washington College, flipping the hard rubber ball back and forth as they walk between classes. But spring is the real season for the game, the time of informal practice on the green lawns and serious sessions on Kibler Field. Tiny Washington takes on many of the country's top lacrosse teams, representing schools many times its size, and in 10 years it has had one losing season. Washington was founded in 1782 at Chestertown, Md., on the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay, and it comprises a handsome collection of rasy-brick, white-framed Colonial buildings, a campus decorated with dogwood and cherry trees and 18th century black-iron lanterns, and a student body of about 600 men and women. If the atmosphere appears easygoing in the pictures on the following pages, there is nothing easy about getting into Washington and staying there; academic standards are high. Half of the 250-add men take part in intercollegiate competition in at least one of eight sports, but lacrosse is Washington's pride, as it is at many schools in Maryland, starting at the grade-school level. At Washington, certainly, that pride is justified.

THE GAME ON THE EASTERN SHORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK







Disrupting assault by North Carolina, Washington's Mark Madden (center) knocks ball loose from attackers in front of goal. After game, won by Washington 9-2, Dave Saeer poses with girl friend Peggy MacKillop (above), and Ron Regan is congratulated by his mother and brother, Bruce.





'You Can't Be Tough. These Boys Are Not Paid for This'

Lacrosse people talk about a "northern" game and a "southern" game as if there were a divider at the Mason-Dixon line, and the sense of distinction is reinforced by the traditional North-South All Star Game at the end of the season. The northern game tends toward power and combastiveness, the southern toward speed and stickwork, but in recent years these images have been blurred, if not obliterated, with the steady interchange of players and coaches north and south. Still, reasonable facsimiles of the original types can be found.

On the dirt field of New York City's cold Lewisohn Stadium in early spring, for instance, where City College players trip over the raised remains of baseball pitching mounds, teamwork seems to have become a lost—if ever discovered—art. The cheers and jeers of a handful of student rooters are in keeping with the general picture of college lacrosse, northern style: "Whadya gonna do, George, but 'im with ya pocketbook?" "Forget the ball, go after *him*."

At Washington College, by contrast, the game is played in a treasured valley, on tenderly nursed turf punctuated by shiny orange-netted goalposts and surrounded by freshly whitewashed lines. The wooden grandstand and grassy banks are crowded with middle-aged adults as well as students, and their responses reflect a knowledgeable appreciation of the finesse on the playing field.

It is no wonder that at Washington lacrosse facilities are flawless and the game's intricacies understood. The school annually fields the best small-college team in the country, emerging frequently at year's end with a ranking in the nation's top 10, regardless of classification. Last season Washington won its division (Strobhar) title for the fourth straight time, and three of its players—Bruce Jaeger, Paul Rudolph and Dave Svec, all from Baltimore—were chosen to play for the South in the All Star Game. The South's coach was Washington's Donaldson Kelly. After his team beat the North 13-5—Jaeger led the scoring with three goals and two assists—Kelly was chosen Coach of the Year by

the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association.

In his own playing days at Johns Hopkins, 54-year-old Kelly won 11 varsity letters—in lacrosse, basketball and football—and was a four-time lacrosse All-America. He owns a Chevrolet-Buick agency in Chestertown—which is fortunate, since his monetary rewards as coach are approximately equal to those received by his players—and there are no athletic scholarships at Washington. Kelly's coaching philosophy is disarmingly simple. "You can't be tough," he says. "These boys are not paid for this. You have to make them accept the challenge of playing above themselves. We have always had big schools on our schedule—Navy, Army, Johns Hopkins, Virginia—and I try to make them want to do as well or better than the big ones. Meantime, I just try to teach lacrosse skill." Many of the large schools on Washington's schedule recruit football players for their lacrosse teams. Despite their lack of experience, footballers can quickly learn to play midfield and defense positions, where size and stamina often count for as much as stick skill. Washington does not even have a football program, but this does not faze Kelly. "Bigness isn't important, as it is in football," he insists. "In lacrosse it's all physical ability and smartness."

Kelly's star for the next few years is likely to be Attackman Ron Regin, a graduate of Baltimore's Boys' Latin School. (Younger brother Bruce Regin, the best high school player in Maryland in 1966, won a scholarship at Harvard, where he will contribute to the further breakdown of North-South differences.) Ron is the ideal Kelly-type player—fast, shifty and a brilliant stickman. He is surrounded by enough skillful teammates to insure another title for Washington in 1967. This year, too, Don Kelly enjoys the luxury of an official assistant for the first time, former Washington College Defenseman Bob Pritzlaff. Pritzlaff will be paid to coach, but, then, he has to handle wrestling also. Which, in a way, is what the game is all about on the Eastern Shore.

—ROSE MARY MICHAM

An equipment bag in one hand, sticks in the other—the look of those who play the game.

In the past four years two controversies of consequence have arisen concerning Arnold Palmer and his golf game. The first is the contention that his business activities have so dominated his time and drained his energy that he can no longer play his best. The second is the argument that he plays too boldly, that his attacking style on a golf course has cost him more than it has gained him. There are logical grounds for each of these positions, but Arnold feels quite strongly that they both are wrong—and so do I.

In the first matter, I, Mark McCormack, am the specter on the American sporting scene. I am "the man with the briefcase" who is destroying the career of Arnold Palmer by dashing out on the green with papers for him to sign just when he is about to putt for the U.S. Open championship. As far as Arnie's Army is concerned, I am an enemy guerrilla force and if I would just let their man play golf he would win 35 times a year.

The truth, I am convinced, is quite the contrary. I am confident that Arnold's business responsibilities have not hurt his golf, and it is a matter of personal comfort to me that Arnold now

shares this feeling. Admittedly, this has not always been the case. Not at all.

One reason that Arnold's business activities became an issue was that he, on numerous occasions, brought them up with the press. Writers found what he said was interesting and reasonable, so they wrote a great deal about it. For example, at the 1963 Masters Arnold was saying, "My outside interests, not golf, affect me. I am mentally tired. From now on I am going to take more time off the tour. When I'm on the tour I will be strictly interested in golf." By the Tournament of Champions he was saying that he had "asked McCormack to cut down on my other activities so that I can get my game into shape." At the same time other golfers were picking up the theme. "Something has happened to Palmer's swing," said Bill Collins. "He has lost some of his confidence. I think he may have too many outside interests going for him." Doug Sanders said, "Arnold is not able to concentrate as well as he has been."

Since that time there has been no let-up on the idea that Palmer is too busy getting rich to play his best golf, a theme that reached its peak in the fall of 1966 when Arnold took a physical examina-

tion and was advised—with much publicity—to slow his pace. A New York columnist was moved to write a personal appeal to Arnold to slow down, saying, "Arnie probably doesn't realize it, but he does have an obligation to golf, which made him, and to fans, who have supported him to the hilt. He is a beloved competitor . . . but he will be abrogating his obligations if he burns himself out at this stage of a career that could go on for many more years."

But by then Arnold was seeing things differently. Last winter he confided to a friend what he really thought about the subject. "You have to have an alibi," he said. "When you play badly, you must have a release that lets you convince yourself it is not your fault. Business pressure has been my alibi. Some golfers try to blame things on camera clicks or bad luck, and others will tell you they are unhappy because they would rather be home with the kids, or fishing, or that golf is not their whole life, so they don't care that much about winning or losing. These are all excuses. I can tell you that it isn't easy to be No. 1. I have been on top for nine years, and it would be interesting to see what would happen to some other people in the same circum-

PART 4 / MY FRIEND ARNOLD PALMER

by **MARK H. McCORMACK**

WHY HE HAS TO PLAY THE GAME HIS LIVELY WAY

His approach to golf is bold—even rash—but trying to be more careful made him a loser. Now he again is doing things in his own fashion, while displaying the emotions that show how much he cares

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stances. It is being on top that wears you down and affects your game."

I agree. Arnold obviously plays under more pressure than any golfer who ever lived. But the pressure has not been the result of business worries. Rather, it is caused by the prestige he has earned and is striving to protect. Every time he steps on the tee in a tournament or exhibition, he not only is expected to win but to do so in convincing or dramatic fashion. For a long time Arnold has been in the difficult position of playing against the record book—which is much tougher than playing for money. When Arnold has lost a championship that it seemed he was in command of, it was often the result of attempting to do something special for his admirers or for history or for his own relentless pride. As he says, "It wears you down."

On the other hand, I think that his business organization has been, in part, his salvation. He has his own hidden army—one of lawyers, secretaries, salesmen and promoters—that shields him from much of the worry that the public thinks he experiences. Since early 1960 Arnold has won six of the major championships. In the normal course of events, winning even one of these puts

strains on a professional golfer that he is hard pressed to cope with. He wants to take maximum financial advantage of his win, but he is faced with perplexing economic decisions that he has no experience in handling. He is swamped with demands, and he fears he is making wrong moves that may be costing him thousands upon thousands of dollars—which is sometimes the case. This is the player who cannot concentrate on golf. I think it is meaningful that the three top golfers I represent—Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player—have won 15 major championships since 1960, while no other golfer has been able to win more than one. I like to think that peace of mind concerning their business affairs is a contributing factor to their success on the course.

Arnold's business activities, excluding his golf club company, to which he gives much consideration but which he also much enjoys, are not overly time-consuming. He plays some 15 to 20 golf exhibitions per year, which we generally arrange and manage much as a concert promoter would. We will go in, make an agreement with a local charity and play for part of the gate, using the personnel of Arnold Palmer Enterprises to

advise the local group on crowd control, gallery, marshaling, ticket pricing, what to sell periscopes for, how and when to use programs, and promotional things of that sort.

In the past few years Arnold has participated in television shows. For two years he made *Challenge Golf*, and followed that with three years of *Big Three Golf*. The filming of these does take time, but it is generally scheduled in the fall, when most of the tournament pressure is off.

He also must pose for a certain number of photographic sessions. He has to spend eight or nine days a year being photographed for sportswear manufacturers, for his club company, for catalogs, for his golf-school program and things of that sort. These picture sessions, however, are more often than not held at or near Luttrell. He can have breakfast at home in the morning, go out for the photography and come back home for dinner at night, just the way a normal person would go down to the office. They are scheduled at Arnold's convenience and do not interfere with tournament play.

Beyond these, Arnold's main business responsibilities lie in approving the ma-

continued

THE ARMY'S IDOL DANCES AS THE 1964 MASTERS IS WON, AND . . .



for decisions made by his various executives or companies. I act as a screen for these requests. I am executive vice-president of Arnold Palmer Enterprises, executive vice-president of Arnold Palmer Golf Company, president of Arnold's two export companies, Palmer Golf Export and Palmer Apparel Export, and either president or executive vice-president of all the other companies with which he is involved. But in no instance will I ever make a decision that I feel is of major consequence without discussing it first with Arnold. He and I are in constant telephone contact; I would say almost on a daily basis, and we get together about every two weeks for a meeting where papers are signed and complicated matters are discussed.

In short, the actual pressure of business-making decisions is pretty much off Arnold's shoulders and will be for as long as he plays tournament golf.

What is more, his businesses are far past the point where he has to win to insure their success. He has transcended the financial need for being a winning golfer, and I have told him this many times. Instead, it is his public image that is the strength of his companies, that and the fact that he is a stimulating per-

sonality. This means that the pressure on him to win—which he does feel—is not a pressure based on business commitments. It is nothing but the demand for victory that is within the man. And this is as it should be. Arnold Palmer will never tee off at Augusta thinking, "I've got to win this one or my shirts won't sell," and if he hooks that first drive, it won't be because he is a corporation president.

Now to the other question, Palmer's style of play. Surely it is the most exciting in the game's history, but it also has led to some astonishing defeats. One word can sum up most great golfers. Bobby Jones, concentrator; Walter Hagen, theatrical; Byron Nelson, precise; Sam Snead, rhythmic; Ben Hogan, methodical. The word for Palmer is bold. He is the boldest of all players. The game has never seen one like him. I have joked with him that the epitaph on his tombstone ought to read: "Here lies Arnold Palmer. He went for the green."

Boldness has characterized Arnold's play since he was old enough to understand what his father meant when Deacon told him, "Hit it hard." Arnold has

always believed that any shot was possible if you could swing at the ball—and move it. Arnold's style is to try something. And, more often than not, that something has worked for him.

Ironically, Arnold's steadfast belief that he can always escape from difficulty is sometimes responsible for his getting into it in the first place. He may hit shots into peculiar places—a cornfield, a marsh, or inside a tree stump, as he did in the 1963 Open playoff at Brookline—but this usually comes about because he is attacking the course. The style that results in a 9 when he is leading the Crosby on the last day and lets him hit four straight tee shots out of bounds—a plaque marks that feat at the Rancho Park Municipal Golf Club in Los Angeles—is the same style that enables him to run off his strings of birdies and go for frequent eagles.

The general effect of Arnold's game is melodrama. His golf is like the old Dodger days at Ebbets Field, where anything could happen, and this is one reason why he is so popular. The fans realize that what Palmer does is not going to be routine, that it is likely to be, in fact, theater-in-the-round.

An English writer, Peter Ryde, once

... ON OTHER DAYS DRAMATICALLY DISPLAYS HIS MOODS OF THE MOMENT



did a story on Palmer called *Portrait of an Aggressive Golfer* and in a single anecdote from the 1964 World Match Play tournament he captured much of what is basic to Arnold's golf. "There have been more classic swings than his," said Ryde, "and there have been more relentlessly accurate golfers than he, but was there ever a more disturbing opponent or one who responded so readily to every challenge?" Ryde then described a moment in Palmer's finals match against Neil Coles: "Palmer had become 2 up and he had behind him the exhilaration of a brilliant 3 at the 15th, one of the hardest holes on the course. That 16th is narrow, especially coming at the crisis of a match; it calls for a one-iron or a three-wood for anyone with the power to get up easily in two. Palmer had taken a one-iron there in, I think, every previous round; for him it was the sensible club. When he was 2 up with three to play in the final, there was in all sanity no other club for him to take except the one-iron again. Palmer took his driver. He made two observations about that choice of club, one at the time to a startled companion was to the effect that so have taken a one-iron at that point would have seemed to him chicken-heart-

ed; the other, made later with the slightest of twinkles in his eye, was simply that he wanted to see whether in that particular situation he could drive straight. This attacking quality in his game is something absolutely special to him and genuine. . . . One has to be careful not to make sweeping generalizations, and 'the greatest competitor' could easily be taken as such. But I should have no hesitation in naming Palmer the most aggressive player in the world."

But where do you draw the line between being aggressive and being foolish? The detractors of Palmer as a golfer say that if he were less aggressive he would have won a lot more championships, two more Masters and perhaps two U.S. Opens, to cite quick examples. I think the answer to them is simple. Were he less aggressive, he might never have won any championships. And there is considerable evidence to bear this out.

The evidence comes from the man who does know, Arnold himself. Though Arnold may be the epitome of boldness to his Army, he is as susceptible to self-doubt as any thinking man. The bad year of 1965—in which he won only one tournament—caused him to do a lot of thinking about his golf game. He began to wonder, to himself, if he had forgotten how to win, if the resolution that victory requires had somehow stolen away. "I began to think I was afraid to win," he told me not long ago on one of the few occasions when I have heard him get reflective about the inner workings of his game. "I would get close, and my hands would begin to shake—don't let anybody ever tell you they don't get nervous out there—and I just didn't think I could win. I seriously didn't know if I was ever going to win again." What he then began to do, to use Arnold's phrase—and it is a very good one—is "Hogan it." At the age of 35, bold, daring, attacking Arnold Palmer decided he was going to become a smart golfer, fade a little shot in here, punch a little approach in there, keep it away from those trees by cutting a three-wood instead of banging a driver, going for the right corner of the green because that is the percentage play. If Hogan, the brilliant strategist, could plot out every move around a course, why couldn't Palmer? Well, he couldn't, because the whole concept was foreign to his nature.

His golf game is distinctively his, and it is the only game Palmer will ever have.

By late fall of 1965 Arnold was as unsure of his golf as he has ever been in his life. He came home to Latrobe, he recalls, and "I knew 1966 had to be different. Had to be. Every morning I would get out of bed and go downstairs and exercise, working on my strength. By the time of the first tournament, the L.A. Open, I was never so determined to win. I felt I had to win."

Arnold played the 1966 L.A. Open beautifully, going into the last round with a seven-shot lead. But once again he started thinking, started trying to maneuver the ball, be cagey, be delicate, be smart. With four holes left he had lost six strokes of his lead. "I finally stopped trying to Hogan the ball," he says. "Here I had it won, and was so damn afraid of losing I didn't know what to do. I just told myself, 'Play it your own way,' and I managed to win."

When he won at Los Angeles he finally had survived what had become a first-class case of final-round staggers, but it was not until late 1966—the demoralizing U.S. Open at Olympic behind him—that Arnold felt he had at last beaten his tendency to Hogan it. The apparent cure came at what proved to be a crucial tournament for him, the Houston Champions International. There he took the lead on the last day, only to lose it to Gardner Dickinson by once more attempting to play two or three too-smart shots early in the back nine while thinking about trying to protect his advantage.

"I have always been a big scoreboard watcher," he recalls. "But I have a new system now. I just look at the numbers on the board, not the names. I kind of cock my head so I can't see the names that go with them. I knew I was nine under par at this point that day at Houston. I looked at a scoreboard and I saw my big red 9 at the top. Then I started down the line and I didn't see any numbers really close and I thought, 'Everything's O.K., even though I have just had a bogey.' Then, right at the bottom—another red 9. I didn't know it was Dickinson, I deliberately didn't look to see who it was. I just told myself then and there, 'Never mind who it is and never mind being smart. Let's hit hell out of the ball and beat him.'"

A few minutes later, on the 18th hole, Palmer drilled a long iron right at a pun

continued



FOUR FACES OF ARNOLD as seen (from left) in 1964 Open, in 1962 Open, winning the 1963 L.A. Open and in 1965 Masters.

that was tight behind a bunker on the right side—Palmer's bad side, since he normally moves the ball right to left. It was one of those hitch-up-the-pants-and-bash-the-ball shots. It wasn't smart, it wasn't cozy, but it was a killer. Then he sank what may well be one of the critical putts of his career, a 12-footer for a birdie to beat Dickinson.

To understand how important these 1966 wins at Los Angeles and Houston were is to appreciate that Arnold is not just a golfing machine. What is more—win or lose—it has now been proved that he has to be an aggressive golfer. Regardless of what his critics say, he has no choice.

One result of his attitude toward the game has been the legendary Palmer finish, and note that at this point I say "finish," not "charge." In two tournaments, the Masters and the Open, Palmer has provided more spectacular happenings than all of the golfers who have gone before him. Just think about his performances at Augusta: knowing the embedded-ball rule leads to his 1958 win; in 1959 he takes a triple bogey on the 12th hole, just enough to let Art Wall beat him when Wall birdies five of the last six holes; in 1960 he birdies the last two holes to beat Ken Venturi by a stroke; in 1961 he needs a par for a win on 18 and takes that incredible double bogey out of the bunker to lose to Player; in 1962 he fritters away a last-day lead until he needs two birdies on the final three holes to tie, sinks a wedge on 16, birdies 17 and then wins the playoff the next day after being three strokes behind at the turn.

Enough? How about the U.S. Open? A stretch of six birdies in seven holes and the best finish in Open history to win at Cherry Hills in 1960: three-putting 10 times in 1962 at Oakmont, including once from eight feet just after he took the lead, and finally losing a playoff to Nicklaus (this, in Arnold's opinion, was the best Open he ever played); hitting a ball into that tree stump while losing in a playoff at Brookline in 1963. And then—ah, yes—1966 at Olympic Country Club in San Francisco, the most shocking finish in the history of golf.

Arnold has never talked, publicly and in detail, about what happened on that last nine at Olympic, but he explained it to me a week after the tourna-

ment. I think his assessment is an accurate one, and it says a great deal about how he plays the game.

If ever a tournament belonged to an individual, the 1966 Open belonged to Arnold. He defeated the course thoroughly—and the field behind him even more thoroughly. Many uncomplimentary things have been said and written about his collapse at Olympic, not the least of which was the contention that he never was all that good under pressure, that his come-from-behind wins in the 1960 Masters and Open had led the press to formulate a myth of Palmer as a "charger," when in reality he was an ordinary finisher at best. "We are all chargers out there," Ken Venturi once said in attacking the notion that there was anything special about Palmer. (I became intrigued with this thought. Was the "charge" a myth? So I did some research, and it showed that Palmer is indeed an excellent last-round player. His average last-round score is 69.88, compared to his average score per round of 70.57.) The theory was also advanced that Arnold was paying too much attention to breaking Hogan's Open scoring record of 276 and not enough to winning the championship. To a degree this is true enough. Arnold was conscious of Hogan's record at one point, but that consideration had left his mind before he hit the shot that really cost him the 1966 Open.

In order to explain the key shot and how and why Arnold hit it the way he did, I will have to go back. Palmer, paired with Casper, went to the 10th tee with a seven-stroke lead on Bill, his nearest pursuer. He vividly remembers Casper's remark as they were walking down the 10th fairway together: "I'm going to really have to go to finish second." Arnold told him: "Don't worry, Bill, you'll finish second."

Unfortunately, Arnold has long had a tendency, a dangerous one, to get into a frame of mind during a tournament that can almost be described as boredom. He relishes a challenge so much that when there does not seem to be one his play will get spotty or he will create a situation to work himself out of. I well remember, for example, that when Arnold was leading the British Open at Troon in 1962 by five strokes through the third round, Wimme, his wife, asked, "What can Arnie play for this afternoon? He has

to have something extra to play for, because the tournament is practically over." A newspaperman told her, "He can play for the British Open, that's what."

After Casper's remark on 10 there was no challenge left for Palmer at Olympic except Hogan's record. The field was beaten. And he had certainly proved that he could handle the course. By far the most testing part of Olympic is a stretch of four early holes, the 2nd through the 5th. Arnold geared all of his pretournament thinking toward these holes, and he played them magnificently. In the last three days, counting the playoff, he shot Olympic's front nine in 34-32-33—which was six under par. But he played the back nine in 36-39-40. On this nine he lost 13 strokes to Casper in three days.

By the time Casper and Palmer reached the 15th tee on Sunday, Casper had reduced Palmer's lead to five strokes, but there still seemed no cause for concern. Now, on this short par-3, Arnold hit a shot that many critics feel cost him the championship. In an effort to birdie the hole—yes, Hogan's record was the reason—Arnold went for the pin, which was placed uncomfortably near a bunker on the right. The shot was a good one. Had it landed an inch or so to the left it would have kicked in toward the flag and stopped close to the cup. But it went into the bunker. He exploded very well, leaving himself an eight-footer for a par. Then Casper, who was about 20 feet from the pin, rolled in a birdie, and when Arnold missed his putt his lead was down to three strokes.

"For the first time," Arnold said later, "it dawned on me that Bill had a chance. But I thought it was a remote chance, because the 16th is a long par-5 that he could not reach in two, and the 17th is a long 4 that we could both bogey. Only the 18th was a good birdie chance for him. I thought that he would have to play three under on those three holes to have any chance for a tie."

To know why Arnold hit the terrible tee shot that he did on 16—the shot that truly ruined him—you have only to bear in mind the fine points of the Palmer psychology. I will let him explain it:

"Every time I have ever been in a truly tight spot before, I have tried to play the way I know best, to be aggressive, to go back to my natural game. I've

continued



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had to say, "Play Palmer. Your way is best for you." On the 16th tee at Olympic I tried to go back to a shot I have hit a thousand times, a hard, controlled hook. I was aware that I had been hitting my drives straight, sometimes even with a slight fade, all during the week. It was some of the best driving I have ever done. But in this situation I did not want to hit a fade. I wanted a long hook. After all, the fairway doglegs to the left. It was a perfect hole for what I consider my clutch shot."

The big thing, though, was that Arnold could not tolerate the idea of playing the hole really safely. "I knew," he says, "that I could always just bump the ball down the fairway a couple of times with a one-iron, knock it on the green, take a par and the game is over. I knew it, and that's what perhaps a Casper, or maybe a lot of smart golfers, might have done. Casper, in fact, was just playing it safe. And that is what really got me. Here is a guy trying to catch me, and he was the one playing safe. I said to myself, 'There is no way that man can beat me.' And I sure wasn't going to let it be said, 'There goes Palmer using a one-iron to be safe with a three-stroke lead.' Wouldn't that be a ridiculous sight? I would rather lose." In short, Arnold was trapped by his own public image and his own private confidence. Many athletes might have felt there was a choice about whether or not to play with unusual prudence in this situation, but for Arnold there was

no choice. It was not his character to run out the clock, and it never will be. A man must do what he must do, and if it costs an Open now and then, well, there will be other Opens.

So Arnold went to his driver and tried to hit his clutch shot, the one that was perfect in the circumstances, the long, hard hook. What happened was simple. He had been hitting so straight with his driver all week—in part because Olympic is a fader's course—that when he adjusted his swing for the hook he overcompensated. The result was a horrible pull into the evergreens that line the left side of the 16th fairway. A gamble to get a recovery shot into the air out of high grass failed, but he eventually salvaged a good bogey, thanks to a superb bunker shot and one putt. Meanwhile Casper, right down the middle all the way, rolled in an extraordinary putt for a birdie, and the margin was down to one. On 17 Arnold hooked his second straight drive, again going to his "clutch shot," and his lead was gone. Casper had persevered, as is his fashion, and Arnold was headed for an unforgettable defeat—in his fashion.

The press termed Arnold's blowup a milestone in his career. It was written everywhere that he was through as a dominant figure in the game, that Nicklaus was the king for sure and that the touring pros would never again be "afraid" of poor old Arnold. It was also said, very rightfully, that it would be

interesting to watch Palmer for the rest of the year to see how he would react to this shocking loss.

Arnold did little worthy of watching until October, but then he made a trip to Australia and some things began to happen, though at first they did not attract much attention. He won the Australian Open by a big margin (five strokes) against a good field, lost a sudden-death playoff in the Dunlop International at Sydney and then went up to Tokyo to team with Nicklaus and win the Canada Cup.

In the airplane coming back from Japan there occurred one of those casual conversations that takes on a curious relevance later. Nicklaus was in a stretch drive with Casper for the 1966 official money-winner's title. Jack had figured out that if he could win the next tournament, the Houston Champions, he could beat out Casper. He said he felt good, and there was not any reason he shouldn't win at Houston, and that he was going to and would overtake Casper. Arnold smiled and nodded, but when Jack continued on the subject, Arnold finally said, "Listen, Jack, I just might beat you both at Houston."

As I said earlier, Arnold did win at Houston with that birdie putt on 18 (Nicklaus and Casper tied for 19th), and then Arnold and Jack paired up to win the PGA National Team Championship, as Arnold birdied the last three holes. This gave Palmer the biggest money-winning year in golf history (counting purses that the PGA lists as "unofficial"), a total of \$154,692. It also enabled him to end 1966 with great confidence in spite of the calamity at Olympic. He started 1967 by leading the Crosby with five holes to play before finishing third; he won at Los Angeles, played an indifferent Bob Hope Classic and then won at Tucson. This meant that since starting his trip to Australia he had six wins and a tie for first in nine events, a phenomenal performance under modern competitive conditions. As I look back, I cannot begin to count the number of times the doomsday prophets have announced that Palmer is through. But today, in my opinion, he is playing the finest golf of his career.

Arnold Palmer is one to remember, one of a kind. This is why the Army gathers every time he tees off; this is why it throngs after him, regardless of his score—and always will. **END**

A STATISTICAL ASSESSMENT OF ARNOLD PALMER'S PROFESSIONAL CAREER

Total winnings: \$895,702

Official winnings: \$786,450

Number of starts: 326

Winnings per start: \$2,748

Average finish, excluding 25 incomplete events: 13th

Average 72-hole score: 284

Victories

U.S. tour: 49

Foreign: 12

Second-place finishes: 35

Best 18 holes: 62 in the 1966 L.A. Open

Best last round: 65 in four events

Lowest 72-hole score: 64-67-64-70—265 in the 1955 Canadian Open, his first pro win

Biggest victory margin: 12 strokes in the 1962 Phoenix Open

Most consecutive birdies: seven in third round of the 1966 Los Angeles Open

SOME INCIDENTALS

Of the 1,247 rounds Palmer has played on the U.S. tour, 437 have been in the 60s. He has been involved in 23 playoffs, more than any other pro golfer in history, and has won 13 of them. Through 1963 his playoff record was 12 and 5. Since then it has been 1 and 5. On the PGA tour he has finished first or second 24.5% of the time. In his 326 PGA events he has placed 122 times in the top five and 180 times in the top 10. In round figures, he has won one of every six events he started in and has been in the top five in one of every three.

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How well do you know your pros?

Match up the numbers with the names. Answers next to "19th Hole" section.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Billy Casper | 1. Green Skull |
| 2. Al Casberger | 2. Beech Ten |
| 3. Mason Rudolph | 3. Forever Amber |
| 4. Charlie Sifford | 4. Sparkling Burgundy |
| 5. Dow Finsterwald | 5. Deepnight Blue |
| 6. Bob Goody | 6. Drums Drill |
| 7. Bobby Nichols | 7. Red Hot Red |
| 8. Dale Douglass | 8. Muten Gold |
| 9. Dan Soren | 9. Go Go Green |
| 10. Dudley Haygarth | 10. War Out White |
| 11. Dean Belfrage | 11. Pistol Navy |
| 12. Al Batting | 12. Blue Smoke |
| 13. Frank Beard | 13. Core Tessell |
| 14. Ben Jansary | 14. Foreway Green |
| 15. Tommy Jacobs | 15. Marble Olive |
| 16. George Archer | 16. Wolf Chalk |
| 17. Jack Hale | 17. Cool Black |
| 18. Rex Bazier | 18. Bar Black |



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'Garrick!' says the crow, and also 'Bah! Humbug!'

Crows hate to get up in the morning. They like to perch near the top of a small tree with lots of other crows around, and stay there. There are 10 million crows now spending the nights at a roost near Fort Cobb Lake in the Oklahoma peanut country—more crows than have ever been sighted in one place before—and when the sky begins to grow light you can see the ones in the nearest trees stirring grumpily. They shift their weight from side to side like parrots in a cage, and scrouge down like a man pulling the blankets over his head.

At the same time they make a peculiar early-morning crow sound indicating utter disgust with the world. Louis-Ferdinand Celine never expressed such dislike for the human lot as these half-awakened crows express for the destiny of *Covidius corvus*. Samuel Rhoads, the first American ornithologist to make a study of crow roosts, wrote in *The American Naturalist* 80 years ago that a crow waking up makes a squawk "which sounds something like 'garrick.'" So it does, but it also sounds like bah! humbug! yeah! yeah! yeah! caw! caw! caw! and other morose sentiments.

At Fort Cobb Lake, when the first crows come out of the densely packed trees they fly sleepily a few feet and then perch on a fence, or even land on the ground, yawning and yapping and garricking and cawing and evidently cursing the loudmouthed warblers that are happily greeting the new day in the brush around them.

And anyway, what incentive does a crow have to get up early? The U.S. Government protects the white-capped noddie, the boat-tailed grackle and more than 600 other birds, but you can shoot a crow in Oklahoma or anywhere else any time you want to. Last year in that state 16,524 hunters killed 446,148 crows. Sometimes around Fort Cobb Lake the sound of gunfire is constant. True, the crow shooters miss many more crows

than they hit. But crows are so nervously constituted that the sound puts them under a constant strain; even a loud noise that resembles a shotgun will send an entire flock flying to another peanut field. Then there are carbide guns, which are used to keep crows away while the peanuts are harvested. These are contraptions in which drops of water fall on carbide and, at 40-second intervals, create terrific explosions. And now propane- and butane-gas guns have been developed, creating the same sound and unnerving the crows even more.

Even less to the crows' liking is the three-year research project into their behavior that is now under way at Fort Cobb Lake, the first of its kind anywhere. If there is one thing a crow hates more than being shot at it is being caught by the legs while sleeping on its roost. A hawk being banded looks like it wants

to kill the man banding it. A small bird looks surprised that it hasn't been killed, but a crow demands to see his lawyer.

"Last year I banded 117," said Gerald Iams, the conservation department biologist at Fort Cobb Lake. "There were a lot of damp, foggy nights, and you could sneak in and grab them off the low branches. This year it's been so dry, every step makes so much noise they can hear you coming. By the time you get to a tree, they're gone."

For a time Iams used a dip net, with a long pole affixed to it. He would crouch in the thickets and swing the net when he saw a likely-looking bird. This year there were so many more crows than usual that all the trees in the roost were filled every night and the overflow rested on the ground, Iams switched to a cannon net, which catapults and covers an area 40 by 60 feet. The cannon was a bunging success. In just one shot he captured and banded 387 birds.

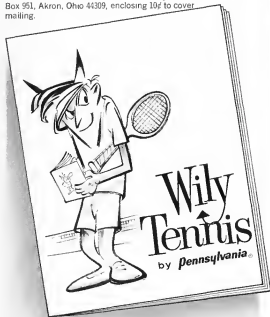
One cold morning I went out with Iams to watch the crows wake up. The sky was cloudless to the horizon, and the fresh air was motionless. Fort Cobb Lake is a beautiful, secluded body of light-blue water, brimming up between low hills. The lake provided a shining patch of light in the semidarkness, against which the crows on the trees were plainly seen; otherwise they could

continued



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NATURE continued

hardly have been distinguished. A skunk came out of the brush and crossed a cleared space in front of the blind. Half a dozen early-rising crows made perfunctory passes at the skunk. They dropped down from one side or the other alternately, swooping just over the skunk's back, but it did not seem to be alarmed, and they appeared to be merely going through the motions.

Individually the crows muttering before daylight would not make much noise. But when you get 10 million birds all making a low-voiced complaint you can hear them two miles away. When the sky in the east was the color of old ivory the crows came boiling above the tree tops in gigantic waves. The sky became dark, with patches of light shuttering as the birds wheeled and gyrated and climbed higher and new flights rose after them. The sounds began mounting to a roar, a mixture of exultant cawings and yellings, like 10 million spectators cheering continuous touchdowns. The crows twisted and turned and crisscrossed each other's path, so closely it seemed they touched. The sound died away and then rose in another wave, louder than the last, every bird in the roost climbing into the air and singing some crow version of *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning* before they set out to steal some farmer's peanuts. They were wide awake at last.

Crows have been coming into central Oklahoma since the land was cleared, but there has never been anything like the Fort Cobb Lake roost before. The increasing crow population of Oklahoma first appeared in ornithological reference works in 1926, when the pecan growers of Verden, a few miles southeast of Cobb Creek, dynamited a roost and killed 11,000 crows. That was considered a lot at the time, and it was reported that one roost was believed to hold as many as 100,000 birds. Cobb Creek is right on the edge of the Dust Bowl that Steinbeck pictured in *Grapes of Wrath*, and during the Depression the crow population, discouraged by dynamite, became the final hardship for a lot of farmers. They watched their crops being eaten up, and they cleared out. The great boost to the farmers—and to the crows—came when peanuts were planted as an experiment around 1938. Crows think peanuts are the greatest improvement since the discovery of wings. They get to Cobb Creek from the north in time for the peanut harvest and leave in the spring just

continued

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NATURE continued

fore the farmers prepare the ground for planting. During their sojourn they go over the fields, picking up the peanuts that have been left behind. However, they can expect to be shot at on the way to and from their feasting. The Department of Wildlife Conservation calculates that during the six months the crows last wintered in this area hunters shot 723,000 shotgun shells around there, without materially affecting the crow population.

You can get a sharp sign of the mass intelligence of Fort Cobb Lake crows by watching them come into the roost at night. The lake was formed six years ago by an earth dam that backed up the water seven miles. Inlets and crevices give the mile-wide lake a saw-tooth shoreline. Near the north end of the lake, where one of these inlets reaches back two miles, the crows make their roost on a jagged point of land. The lake gives them protection on two sides, the inlet gives them protection on another. On the remaining side the only approach is through an almost impenetrable growth of blackjack. Napoleon could not have picked out a better defensive location.

Coming in to roost, the crows make no such display as they make in leaving. Half an hour before sunset there is not a crow in sight. Then a few scouts fly over the roost. About two miles from the roost, radiating out like the spokes of a wheel, the crows assemble at staging points in the fields. Just at sunset they stream in over the trees in long wavering lines, very fast and nearly silent. If a hard wind is at their backs they swoop along with it in swaying motions that suggest ice skating. As they drop out of the sky you cannot see them landing on the trees, but you can see the top branches getting bigger, until they look like girders for a building.

Nor can you see the ones that arrive late, find the no-vacancy sign up and sleep on the ground. But they are there. The night after Gerald Jams shot his cannon net and got his big haul, he went back and found that there was a vacant space all around his blind deep in the roost. You could crouch down in the sand there, look up and see crows everywhere except overhead. Regardless of what the behavior tests indicate on crow intelligence, the crows in the Fort Cobb Lake roost look like the world's least threatened species.

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So when it comes to designing and putting a golf club together, there aren't too many people more erudite than old JB Burkett. He had been Master Clubmaker at First Flight for ever so many years when he forged the swingweight principle of golf club design, which is now attempted by every major manufacturer in the game today. And now JB's come up with another secret in club making that is just as revolutionary, and will improve your game just as much. It has to do with the sole, or bottom part of the club.

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pro which particular shaft and swing weight he thinks is best for your game. And JB Burkett will see that your clubs are made to your specifications. And in case you're wondering about JB's ability to swing a golf club, he once started a round eagle, birdie, hole-in-one, eagle. And guess what clubs he was playing?

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Comon, hop on and let's go," said Paul Richards, and he drove off in a golf cart toward one of the Atlanta Braves' practice fields at their training base in West Palm Beach, Fla. Richards dropped Relief Pitcher Jay Ritchie at a pitching mound and then turned and steered the white cart toward another mound where left-hander Dick Kelley was alternately throwing batting-practice pitches and attempting amazingly deceptive pickoff throws to first base.

"That's it; now you've got that motion down pretty good," said Richards. "Keep working at it, but now do it only about one in five."

Bob Turley, the former Yankee pitcher who is helping the Braves in spring training, came over. "Paul," he said, "when Wade Blasingame was pitching today I could call almost every pitch he threw. He uses one of those open-webbed gloves, and you can see how he holds the ball when he winds up."

Richards nodded and said, "Hop on the cart, and we'll go get him straightened out right away." On the way they stopped at another practice mound where Tony Cloninger, who won only 14 games last year after winning 24 in 1965, was throwing. Richards studied Cloninger's form for a minute and then said to the right-hander, "Throw the slider." Cloninger threw the slip pitch that Richards has taught him. "Speed up your motion," Richards said. "When you're wild, you're wild high."

Richards moved on to see Blasingame and then got in his cart again and drove to the on-deck circle near the main diamond, where Manager Billy Hitchcock was directing a workout. He seemed to shiver when First Baseman Felipe Alou fielded a ground ball and made a daisy-doodle, sidearmed flip to Pitcher Julio Navarro, who one-handed the ball as he covered first base. "Fundamentals, fundamentals," said Richards. "One hand, you see that? And did you see that throw? That's what loses ball games."

The workout was almost finished, and some of the hitters were studying the video tape of their batting swings that had been taken earlier that morning. "Where's Woody?" Richards asked. Woody Woodward, the Braves second baseman, came out of the dugout, and Richards told him to jump on the cart. He drove the young infielder out beyond left field for a private conversation. He told him that he would have to start

charging slow-hit grounders. Woodward has a habit of waiting for the ball to come to him, which at times has meant an extra hit—and maybe even a ball game—for the opposing team.

Now the morning was over. Richards would spend perhaps an hour or so completing some paper work and then maybe go over to Seminole to putt a few or even to play nine holes. And at night he probably would have dinner at Chesler's in Palm Beach, most likely with Luman Harris and Clint Courtney, two of the faces that always seem to be where Richards is—Chicago, Baltimore, Houston or Atlanta.

This is the first year that Richards has been with the Braves at spring training. He joined the Atlanta organization last June and during the winter replaced John McHale as vice-president in charge of baseball operations when McHale moved up to the commissioner's office. Although he has a corporate title, Richards is, in effect, the general manager.

The Braves present a new type of team for Richards. At Chicago he survived with superb pitching, an adequate defense and hitters like Ferris Fain and Nellie Fox. At Baltimore he had to develop young pitchers, but he did it so effectively that in 1960 he had the Orioles, most of whom were not even of shaving age, fighting the Yankees for the pennant.

Then he went to Houston where he was in charge when the club signed players like Joe Morgan, Rusty Staub, Sonny Jackson and Larry Dierker. When Judge Roy Hofheinz won the power struggle with Bob Smith in 1965 he left the organization. Not even Texas was big enough for two men like Richards and Hofheinz when it came to running the same major league team.

Wherever he is, Richards must be the boss, the man to whom other people in the organization answer. And he wants his own men—people like Courtney and Harris and Harry Oorsh—working with him, even if they are not always liked by some of their associates. "They do a certain job for me," Richards says, "and that's all I care about. It is not a case of blind loyalty."

Courtney, who is called "Scrap Iron" or just plain "Scraps," was with Richards one night at Chesler's when Richards looked across the table at him and said, "Scraps here wants to be a manager or a general manager in the big leagues."

Things are different in Atlanta

Paul Richards is in charge now, and the Braves seem to love it

Courtney nodded and said, "Yeah, Richards, I've been going to school under you a long time now. I'll be ready one of these days."

Richards thought for a minute and then he said, "Well, Scraps, how would you handle a guy like —?" He named a player, not one of the Braves, who is supposed to regard himself as much more important than his manager.

"Richards, he wouldn't run my club."

"O.K., but what would you do with him?" Richards asked.

"I'd call him in my office, Richards, and we'd get everything all straightened out, one way or another," said Courtney.

"You've always got to be right, you know, Scraps. You can't go around taking other people's word for things."

"Yeah, Richards, I know. You gotta

continued



RICHARDS, 36, EYES A NEW CHALLENGE

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by B.F. Goodrich

BASEBALL *Richards*

be right all the time—just like you." Richards, a slight smile on his tanned face, began to order dinner.

Richards is the boss in Atlanta, and the decisive way he runs the club is a refreshing change for the Braves players, the majority of whom suffered through Bobby Bragan and his novelties the last four years. Things are different this spring. The players talk about the controlled workouts, where they are doing something every minute. They talk about the set lineup every game. They talk about attitude. "This is the best camp we've had since I've been with the club," says Joe Torre, the catcher. "Now Billy Hitchcock or Paul will come up and give you a little pat on the back every so often. I don't care what some people think, you really don't know how much ballplayers like something like that."

"Paul told me the other day that he'll be getting together with me and Gene Oliver [the Braves' other catcher] pretty soon so that we can discuss some of the things he'd like us to do this year. The man is a teacher, and he can spot the little things. You see Cloninger now and you know he will be a better pitcher. You look at Lemaster or Blasingame, and you know that what they are doing is different from what they did last year, when they did not win. Or take us catchers. The other day a rookie didn't come up with a throw down in the dirt. Paul had Courtney take all of us out for about 25 minutes and he threw all kinds of wild pitches at us from a distance of about 20 feet. The man has a purpose about him. It has to help us this year."

The Braves, of course, do need help. They always seem to lead the National League in home runs, and they always seem to be near the top in team batting. But their defense—pitching and fielding—has been ordinary. The pitching is being worked on, and Hitchcock and Richards think that their infield will be vastly improved now that four players—Aleu, Woodward, Denis Menke and Clete Boyer—will play regularly.

"We could win the pennant, sure," said Richards, though he tempered his optimism with "ifs." Then he added, "But even with the ifs, you have to depend upon the inferiority of the other teams. What if those other teams don't show inferiority?" Leaving that argument behind him, he rode off in his golf cart in search of another player to help.

END



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He's a long drink of glop

Steve Rerych grew to six and a half feet on a concoction that would make even Dracula blanch. The result? He terrifies other swimmers

Take a big gob of peanut butter, add milk, sprinkle liberally with raw wheat germ and rose-hip powder, throw in several scoops of vanilla ice cream, gelatin and a sliced banana and stir well. What have you got? Glop, but don't knock it. Steven Rerych was brave enough to take the mixture daily as an adolescent. Today he is a 6' 7" junior at North Carolina State and one of the fastest sprint swimmers in the world. It is possible, of course, that brimming glasses of orange juice might have produced the same results, but, for lack of volunteers to test the glop theory of natural development, there is no proof that the brew is not worth at least several gold medals in the 1968 Olympics.

Not that Rerych (pronounced Rear-rick) has all of these prizes yet. In fact, this weekend at the NCAA indoor finals in East Lansing he will have to face two swimmers (Peter Worthen of North Carolina and Zac Zorn of UCLA) who have produced better times this year in the 50-yard freestyle and three (Ken Walsh of Michigan State, Don Haven of USC and Mike Fitzmaurice of Villanova) who have gone faster in the 100-yard freestyle. This is not to mention Don Schollander, the man who can jingle four gold medals at any presumptuous challenger.

So why all the excitement over Steve Rerych? His size is a starting point. There were those among swimming coaches who could not believe that a boy of his dimensions could get all that length turned around at the end of a lap without the aid of a tugboat. Turning, which entails diving straight down, twisting violently and finally kicking off, would seem to be more easily mastered by shorter men, but Rerych, who has lots of natural coordination, has spent hours upon hours practicing the maneuver. The fact that he has beaten all but one corner this winter

indicates he is turning quite well.

And, there are compensations for being 6' 7". Once Rerych is headed in the right direction, those long, powerful legs give him a kick that probably moves him through the water faster than any human ever has moved before. Verification of such brute speed comes from Willis Casey, who, as Rerych's coach, might justifiably be accused of partiality. But Casey has also produced 26 All-Americans in 21 years of coaching at N.C. State, and he is not about to end up with egg on his face. "Steve," he says without equivocation, "will be the best in the world."

Great swimmers are not born. They are usually tossed into a body of water at a very tender age by an eager parent. Steve Rerych was different. He started off happily splashing around Pompton Lake, some 25 miles from his home in Paterson, N.J., with a tiny life preserver and the steady hand of his father, Hank, to hold him up. At 4, the preserver was stripped off, and Steve was adjured to sink or swim in Pompton Lake. "I swam," said Rerych, pinching himself as if to verify the miracle.

All sports were important to Rerych as a preteen-ager and, because he was a big kid and naturally gentle, he was also far game for pranksters and older boys. His father taught him boxing and invented the glop to build him up. "I wouldn't have minded the glop so much if we could have thought of another name," says Rerych. "But when we got through putting all that stuff together, what else could we call it?"

It was when Steve was 9 that a gym teacher at the Y asked for volunteers to race 20 yards in the pool. Steve got a first and two seconds, and from then on the idea of outsplicing anyone he could coax into the water was irresistible. Eventually Frank Elm, now the swimming coach at Rutgers, saw that Rerych had



RERYCH RESTS AFTER A PRACTICE RUN

real promise and began teaching the boy the formal art of competitive racing. At 15, Rerych entered the AAU Nationals in Los Angeles, and Elm told him: "You're ready, boy. Now it's up to you." Rerych went out and chopped 10 seconds off his best time in the 400-meter freestyle, and that was good for fifth place against the best swimmers in the world. "It took me 15 minutes to get out of the pool," said Steve. "That's how much I ached. Ah, but what a wonderful way to ache."

The national acclaim that followed got Rerych a scholarship to the Peekskill Military Academy in New York. He arrived with a suitcase full of wheat germ, calcium pills, protein extracts, assorted vitamins, little liver pills and high hopes of becoming one of the best swimmers in the world. But Rerych was growing fast—five inches in the year—and not all the nostrums in a medicine

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man's kit were going to pep him up. Suddenly he found that even finishing races was an exhausting task.

After his junior year at Peekskill, where he finished fifth in his class, Rerych entered the Eastern Nationals in Philadelphia, only to finish an ignominious last in the 200-meter freestyle. "I was ready to call it a career," said Steve. Then the strangest thing happened. Willis Casey, one of the shrewdest judges of bodies afloat, offered Rerych a full swimming scholarship to N.C. State.

"He looked at me as if I were stark raving mad," Casey recalls, "but I had this hunch that a lot of bad habits and all that sudden growth were the causes of Steve's bad performances. I thought he could still be a winner."

Unconvinced that Casey hadn't mistaken him for someone else, Rerych eventually went to Raleigh. It took exactly one serious turn up the pool for Casey to see that Rerych was getting in lots of revolutions per minute, none of which were very effective.

"Follow through, Steve, follow through," Casey yelled. Steve did, and suddenly the old speed started to come back. Then there were those turns. Rerych was making them sideways. Before long he was making them properly.

Casey's toughest job was building up Rerych's endurance. Steve had become the classic example of a drop-dead swimmer, and Casey attributed this to Rerych's lack of proper distance work. Casey sent him out for long swims, with more oomph in the last leg than the first. The results were telling. Rerych began turning on the old speed where he needed it most—at the end.

Rerych's first big test under Casey came before his freshman year in a meet in South Carolina. Steve came home a solid first in the 110-yard freestyle, and there was Casey at the end of the pool to greet him. "You did 57.2," said Casey.

"Is that all?"

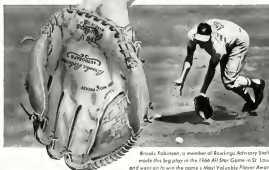
"Make that 56.2," said Casey, correcting the time. But, more important than the time was the way Rerych had

burned out the field with a tremendous final kick. Races like that are commonly called breakthroughs.

In the summer of 1964 Rerych entered the Olympic trials in the 100-meter freestyle and missed making the team by two-tenths of a second. Still, he did that 100 meters in 54.5, more than a second under his best time. Then, last summer, Rerych earned a trip to Russia by beating Schollander at 100 yards in the AAU championships. "You think he won't make it to Mexico?" asks Casey. "Well, not only will he make it, he'll break a world's record before he gets there."

This weekend in East Lansing, Rerych will face the strongest field of the indoor season. He knows that he is best when he feels worst, and he has been complaining something awful. "I feel tight," he moaned during a recent workout. "Just can't get loose."

"Come on," said Casey. "Smile." Rerych did. It is going to be quite a race. **END**



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A HARD RIDE ALL THE WAY

By Bill Hartack with Whitney Tower

Crowded though it is with colorful personalities, sport rarely produces as provocative a figure as Bill Hartack. Bold, outspoken, often arrogant and rude, he has alienated large segments of the press, most of his fellow jockeys and nearly every prominent owner and trainer in horse racing with what he describes as his "honesty." Yet he is the gentlest of men with children, happiest when playing games with them, openhanded in support of boys' sports organizations. Today, after a career that includes four Kentucky Derby victories, four national riding championships and more than \$20 million in purse earnings, he has difficulty getting an ordinary mount on a routine racing card. Hartack has always been sparing with words for publication. On the following pages, however, in the first of three articles, he tells a remarkable story. Perceptive, challenging, highly self-revealing, it is the story of Bill Hartack.

CONTINUED



My first few years I spent kind of a nomadic life. I wasn't born in what was considered a racetrack state. Pennsylvania had no racing, and I spent the first 18 years of my life in Pennsylvania.

First I lived in a small house outside of Ebensburg, Pa. Actually, right after I was born, in the Depression in 1932, we lived in Colver. Then Ebensburg, then back to Colver, and finally on a farm outside the coal-mining town of Belsano. I spent from seventh grade through high school on this farm outside of this small town of Belsano.

My childhood wasn't ever much fun, and I wasn't able to do the things that a normal child would do because of the fact that I had no mother. My father was extremely strict with me, I guess because I was the only boy in the family. I had two sisters. So it was more work than anything else. My father worked in the coal mines for 30 years, from the time he was 14 years old. On Friday the 13th of December, when I was 5 years old, my father was driving over to Colver to pick up his pay when they had the car accident. They were driving up this hill, and a semitrailer truck was coming down. The truck's brakes didn't hold, and when it hit the car it just demolished it—picked it up and threw it over the top of a high embankment. I was 5 years old and my mother died on Christmas morning.

My father was in the hospital for over a year following the accident. And my sister had her hand completely crushed. Our house burned down the next year and it was not insured. Eventually, however, my father got back on his feet, and he bought a piece of farm property, about 50 acres, from my grandfather. When I look back on it now I realize how severe he had to be with me. As a matter of fact, it's probably one of the things I'm thankful for. My father was so tough on me that when I finally left home the world was easy. Compared to my father, the world was absolutely a cinch.

He kept the three kids together, and he never remarried. He worked anywhere

from 12 to 16 hours a day in the mines, and when we were alone he had to be sure that we knew how to take care of ourselves. He and I farmed our ground by ourselves. He worked week-about, which means that one week he'd work night shift and the next week he'd work day shift. We had chickens, pigs and milk cows, and hay, corn and potatoes. I would guess that his income varied between \$3,000 and \$5,000 per year. The house, which he built himself, wasn't even completed. It had no cellar, which is very unusual for any place in Pennsylvania; it's important to have a foundation there because of the cold weather. There was no furnace in the house. No central heating. No air conditioning. No phone. No electricity. No bathroom. There was really nothing.

We went to the Blacklick Township High School, and I think one of the reasons that I didn't really enjoy school, to be truthful, is that I had no enjoyment in my home life and I just got sick and tired of the same old drag. I had to get up early in the morning and take care of everything on the farm if my father was working. Then catch the bus and go to school, and when school was over I had to take the bus home and work till 9, 10 or 11 at night. I had to do the farm work and my homework by lantern light.

I was a fairly good student even though I disliked studying. I could get by even by being lazy. There were certain subjects, such as English and history, that I wouldn't put any effort into, but I passed. On the other hand, I always got high marks in all forms of mathematics—plane geometry, solid geometry, trigonometry—and biology, physics and general science. One thing that my father insisted upon was that all three of us kids went through high school. I know it was very good for me. I'm happy I did. I didn't particularly want to go, but in subsequent years it came in handy. I can tell you that. Not exactly the knowledge of the books, but just the exercise of the brain that gave you the thinking power and the scope to think. I think it helped me quite a bit. It got me into some trouble, too, but it helped me. Sometimes it

pays to be a little dumb—particularly in racing.

Going into my senior year, I gave some thought to what I wanted to do. I enjoyed artistic work in school, drawing and creating things for decoration and things of that nature. I also was adept at blueprinting and draftsmanship. I hadn't the opportunity to see which I could do best because our family economic situation put college completely out of the question.

There wasn't ever a close relationship between my father and myself because it was all business, all work. He didn't take me to football or baseball games or things of that nature, because he never enjoyed them. He didn't ever go to any, and he never had time to take me to any. Actually, I don't think I would ever have done any good in sports in school. Even if I had been big enough I wouldn't have been able to play, because my father considered I had no time for sports. The sports I did were hunting and fishing and swimming, because they were close by. I just didn't have any time for social activities. I never dated too much in school, because I was sort of an introvert. And, not being around many people, I guess I was somewhat frightened. I liked basketball and football, but the only way I could ever get to a football game was to join the band. I played the drums. I played them for 12 years, and I hated it. I absolutely hated it. But I stuck it out. I picked up sticks about four or five years ago, but I forgot everything I learned. I enjoy music. But drums—I absolutely hate and despise them.

Being in a coal mine section automatically makes everything kind of dingy and dirty. This isn't a reflection on Pennsylvania as a state, but I didn't lose anything there. Nothing good ever happened to me there, and I was thinking about graduating from high school and wanting to leave home. I had no really close friends in school, and aside from being close to my kid sister I was not even close friends with my own family. After I turned 16, my father gave me the car once or twice a week, which helped a bit.

The last year I was in high school I had some freedom, because I was getting older and I could drive around. I respected my father because one thing he didn't want me to do was to wind up in the coal mines, where he knew there was no future for me. So the only thing that was in my mind the last year I was in high school was to just get away from home. College was out of the question, and there was just nothing around that area in Pennsylvania. So if I went from there and did nothing I'd be better off than staying home and doing nothing. I didn't know where I was going to go until the time came when I had a chance to go on the racetrack.

I definitely did not want to stay and become a farmer like my uncles. My grandfather had come to the United States from a country that was then Austria-Hungary, but which is now Czechoslovakia. So he was kind of Slavic, German—something of that nature. And my mother was English. My father came over here when he was 2 years old, and I think he only went to the fifth grade before he went to the coal mines. My grandfather was extremely old-fashioned. He didn't speak English too much—he still spoke Slavic—but he owned an exceptionally big piece of property, about 400 acres, and I think he had seven sons, and they all worked on the farm.

When I turned 18 in 1950 my father was still undecided whether he would permit me to leave home. The only way I could convince him was that it was a matter of logic. There was absolutely nothing I could do there. The man that first influenced me about going on the racetrack was a former coal-miner friend of my father's named Andrew Bruno. He had quit the mine and had gone to West Virginia and had become a jockey's agent. He came back to our town on a holiday and had a suggestion for me—why don't I try to be a jockey? So I thought, great, you know. I really didn't want to be a jock, and I didn't think I could be for one reason; it was something that had never entered my mind. In Pennsylvania nobody, when they see

you and you're small, ever brings it up because very few people in Pennsylvania ever go to the racetracks, particularly in this area, because nobody can afford it.

Bruno was working that winter at the track in Charles Town, W. Va., and when he dropped me a line saying that he would see if he could land me a job—an opportunity to learn to be a jockey—my father said he wouldn't ask me to stay and help him on the farm anymore and that I was free to go. So I took this bus. Except when I was small, this was the first time I had ever been out of the state of Pennsylvania, and I was really petrified. But I was happy. I was petrified and glad at the same time. But, boy, I really felt lost. I finally got to Charles Town, and I got off the bus with just about everything I owned. I guess I found this address, and I went to this rooming house and asked where Bruno was. And then I stayed there with him that night. The next day I started my career on the racetrack.

We got up real early in the morning and had breakfast, and he took me out to the racetrack of Charles Town. It was the first racetrack I had ever seen. I mean, I was green. I was just about as green as they come.

The first man that Bruno took me to see was a man named Norman Corbin. Everybody knew him as June Corbin. He was a trainer there, but I think today he is Clerk of the Scales at Charles Town. I didn't know what I was getting into. All the time I was going to Charles Town I was thinking—I had seen a few racetrack movies, of course—that I was going to go out on a farm and learn how to ride. Of course, I found out different when I got to Charles Town. I was under the impression that there was a school for jockeys, but everything was different.

It's possible to go to a farm and go to work, but around Charles Town, which is on the half-mile circuit—kind of a tin-roof circuit in those days—it's not

continued



In his third race, on a horse that cost \$100, Harstack became a winner. So green that he neglected to pull down his goggles, he was almost blinded.

the same. The track is smaller, the purses are smaller, the horses are cheaper. It's not the elaborate racetrack that you see at Hialeah. But I loved it. It was beautiful. When I went out to the racetrack that first day I fell in love with it immediately.

I think that the funniest thing that happened was when we first went out there in the car and parked outside. Bruno walked over to the barn, I guess to talk to Norman Corbin, and I saw these horses walking by underneath the shed. They'd go around and around, and I never saw so many horses in my life. Every one of them had blankets on, and I wondered where they were all coming from. I never realized that they were walking them around the shed, that they were going around in a circle, you know, and coming back. I thought they were all new horses. I didn't realize that they walk them for half an hour to an hour after the workout in the morning. I knew absolutely nothing about racehorses.

I've always been fond of animals. When my work doesn't depend upon it, animals to me are the greatest. When I was 15 or 16 my father bought a mare, and she had a foal. We raised him until he was a yearling, and then it was my job to break him, and I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, about horses. I knew you've got to put a saddle on him, you've got to get onto him and you've got to ride him—that's all I knew. My father wouldn't help me. He said, "That's your pony, and you break him."

It took me two days to get the saddle on. I had a helluva time putting the bridle on, and that took another four or five hours. So I said to myself, "Tomorrow I'm going to ride him." It rained all that night, and that was probably the best thing for me. I think to break a saddle horse the best thing you can do is wait until it's muddy. The horse is going to slip and slide and be at a complete disadvantage. Well, I got on this pony and, boy, I'm telling you, he didn't throw me but he did everything else. He finally fell down, and I broke him. That was absolutely the only connection

I ever had with horses before I arrived at Charles Town. I can say the only good you can get from riding a pony is familiarity with the animal. It gets you over your fear of horses and things of that nature, but you can gain nothing by being a good rider on a saddle horse that will help you when it comes to racehorses, because you do everything exactly the opposite.

Well, after Bruno introduced us, Junie Corbin talked to me for a few minutes, and he said he would give me a try. The funny part about it was that actually I wasn't going to be a jockey. I was going to be an exercise boy, because Junie Corbin had never ever made a rider before. When I say "made a rider" that means there are certain trainers that will take a young boy and teach him how to be a jock, but Corbin had never done this before. All he was doing was giving me a job as an exercise boy. I didn't know this at the time. Of course, I was very happy, because I just liked being away from home. I thought it was going to be great—which it really was.

Junie Corbin talked to me awhile and then took me home to be introduced to his wife and three kids. I stayed at his house for a week until he found me a place to live. It was in a rooming house with his stable foreman, Charles Wright, and an exercise boy working for him, a kid by the name of L. T. McKnight. Charles Wright was the overseer of us two boys. He'd get up in the morning and take us to the track. But Junie Corbin absolutely treated me like a son, and I became extremely close to him and to his family. No reflection on my father—because I know he wasn't able to—but Corbin treated me more like a son, as far as the social end, than my father ever did.

That first day—it was about December 13—he took me to the racetrack because he had a horse called Winter Passes in the second race. It was really cold. So the first race went on, and there were 10 horses in the race and snow all over the ground, and the track was frozen. The horses went down the back side, and the next thing you knew, after they went about halfway around the turn, you never saw such a pileup in your life.

Six horses of the 10 went down, and there were six jockeys and six horses sprawled all over the racetrack. I think two or three of the horses had to be destroyed, and I think every one of the jockeys was hurt. One of them had a brain concussion and had a silver plate put in his head. Nick Shuk was one of the first big-time jockeys I ever saw ride, and he was in that spill.

That was my first experience with racing, watching it on a track that was absolutely frozen solid. It was the first race I'd ever seen and the only thing I can remember saying to Junie after the race was over was, "Mr. Corbin, does this happen every day?" As soon as I had said it, I could see from the look on everybody else's face that, of course, it couldn't happen every day. The whole place was in an uproar, and the jocks were refusing to ride, and the rest of the card that day was called off. I started to work for Junie Corbin at the track the next morning.

There was no exact salary. He paid for my room, he bought me clothes and anything that I needed and he also made sure that I had spending money on me. This was very good for me, because up to now I had never had more than \$2 in my pocket in my life. But now, by the end of the week, I had \$10 or \$20 and all my bills paid. I ran to him whenever I needed any help and, just like I said, I was more of an introvert than anything else and I depended upon him quite a bit. He started me out walking horses, and the phenomenal part about it was he evidently must have taken a liking to me, because I never had to do any of the dirty work. I was never a groom, which is a tough job. He asked me what I did in school and things like that, and after I talked to him for a while he just had me walk the horses. He said I walked horses better than I helped clean around the stable, so I never had to do any cleaning of stalls. And he said whenever he thought I was ready to start horse racing he'd start me off, but for the first couple of weeks he would just get me used to the racetrack, which was very good. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

When they closed the track up, all we

continued

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had to do, besides feeding the horses, was to walk them around the shed. Then, I guess a week or so before the horses went back in training for the next meeting, the horses would be ridden around the shed. I got to be very close with the foreman, Charlie Wright, and so I would ride the horses around the shed, and this didn't consist of anything, because you can't possibly get into any trouble doing that.

About a week before the track opened they would take all the old straw and everything and they'd make an area—oh, perhaps about half the size of a football field—and this is where they would leg the horses up before they'd put them on the track. It was extremely deep. It was knee-deep—heavy straw. This was my first real chance to get on a horse, taking them out on this straw ring. And I got on this one horse that Norman owned himself, and I really didn't know what I was doing. So I got in this ring, and somehow or other the horse got hung up in the straw and fell. And when she fell I fell on top of her, right on her head. I was absolutely afraid to get up. The horse was laying there, floundering, and I was laying on her head. The funny part about it is that when a horse falls, if you lay on her head she can't get up, and I did this by accident rather than on purpose. All I could do was holler for my boss, and he was four or five barns away. He finally came out and took me off the horse, and we got the horse up.

By now I guess I was bugging the foreman a bit about when I was going to be able to gallop a horse around the track. I thought it was easy. I didn't understand how tough it is. I soon found out. One morning we went out, and Charlie Wright told me I could gallop this particular mare. She was owned by Corbin himself, and she was very tough to gallop. It took a top exercise boy to gallop her, because she'd run off with everybody. "All you have to do is exactly what I say," said the foreman. "She's tough, but if you do what I say she'll be no problem at all. You just get on her, take a long hold of her, give her her head and just let her do whatever she wants to do. If she starts to run off,

don't ever take a hold of her head—don't try to stop her. She'll run off for about a quarter of a mile, and when she sees you're not going to try to pull her up or fight her she'll gallop around the racetrack like a baby." I said O.K.

So I got on her back and went out to the racetrack and I started her off. She got off nice and easy but, boy, when I got to the wire she really took off. I wanted to pull her up so bad, but I was afraid to because I'm accustomed to taking orders. So I let her go. She must have been going at a full gallop around the turn, but after she'd gone about a quarter of a mile she just came right back to me. I was kind of proud of myself. Junie Corbin had stopped in his car on the way to the barn to see which of his horses were on the track. When he saw this mare starting to run off with me, he drove like a maniac to the barn to pan everybody out for having me on this horse. "Give me my pony," he shouted, and he came galloping to the track expecting to see the mare still running off with me. But by then she was just galloping like a baby.

"You think you're smart, don't you?" he said to me later. And I answered, "Yeah, that was fun."

"O.K., you asked for it," he said, and he made me gallop six other horses that day. The next morning I couldn't walk—I absolutely couldn't walk.

From then on I was an exercise boy, but it was a year and 10 months from the time I came on the racetrack until I rode my first race. We moved around to a lot of other tracks like Bowie, Laurel and Pimlico and also to Waterford Park and Cumberland, Md. and Randall Park. Trainers like Junie Corbin sometimes didn't have many horses in their barn, and so I often found myself working as exercise boy for other trainers on this circuit—like Stanley Greene and Frank Wright. When Stanley Greene took me to Randall Park, he was paying me \$40 a week and that was a lot of money to me. It seemed I always had money on me, and I guess I got to gambling a little on the horses. When I got to be a jockey riding in races I never bet on them except if I was out at the track socially on a day off. I just never had any

desire to bet on races that I was riding in.

During those early days I weighed only about 100 pounds—I was light. I made most of my money by working for trainers who wanted real light riders on horses, because the majority of exercise boys were fairly heavy. I had plenty of time on my hands and I enjoyed Randall Park, so I stayed there awhile and freelanced. They paid \$1 for galloping a horse, and sometimes if you worked him right they'd give you \$2. It was kind of a cheap circuit and you didn't make too much money, but it was enough for me. If you worked at it you could make \$10 or \$12 a day. And, to tell you the truth, I had made some money betting on horses and I was walking around with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, which was more money than I had ever had in my life. That's why I didn't want to go back to Charles Town.

Then I moved down to Sunshine Park outside of Tampa. By now I was really learning about horses pretty good. I still made plenty of mistakes, but I took pride in my work and enjoyed it. When you're happy with your work you can always do a better job, and I liked it. I galloped an average of 15 horses every morning for that whole winter season and was perfectly happy with what I had. I never wanted to be a jockey. When I first came on the racetrack I thought I was going to be a jockey, but as soon as I was around for three months I felt exactly the opposite. I see boys around a track now that are just itching to ride. All I wanted to be was an exercise boy. I'd get up at 5 in the morning and work until 10. Then I didn't have any more work to do except if I had to walk the horses after a race in the afternoon, and that was maybe an hour or two only on certain days. Why didn't I want to be a jockey? I had absolutely no confidence in myself, none, absolutely none. I still think I am a better exercise boy than I am a jockey. I galloped more horses in my first year than the average boy does in three years, and down there at Sunshine Park I found there wasn't a horse on the grounds that I couldn't gallop. There's not a horse alive that I've ever been on—after I learned how to gallop horses—that I couldn't handle.

continued

It was at Sunshine that I started breaking a lot of horses out of the gate, and this is where I actually learned most of the things that really came in handy when I started riding. I spent some time that year breaking yearlings for an owner named Virginia McKenney, who owned a farm in Manassas, Va. She took her stable back to Charles Town, and I went along. I only met her a few times, and she was kind of a funny person. She didn't want you to hit her horses. She had a great love for her horses, and there's nothing wrong with that, but when you're dealing with racehorses, if you start loving them and you don't discipline them, you're not going to get the best out of them. I don't believe in being cruel to them, but there's no reason why you shouldn't hit a horse during the running of a race if it may mean the difference between winning and losing.

Well, we didn't exactly have disagreements, but her way of thinking about love for a horse and my way of thinking—they were a little bit different. And, of course, she owned the horses, so I had to do it her way, which I did. When we got back to Charles Town, our horses were in good condition and I knew as much as anybody else did about each of them. Every time one of these horses won and I had bet on him, I wouldn't tell anybody. Because when you're on a racetrack and you have money in your pocket you learn fast to tell everybody you're broke. Nobody ever had any money, and if you exposed the fact that you had some, everybody in your barn and in every other barn would borrow from you.

I had now gone exactly a year without talking to my father or having any correspondence with him. We had no phone at home, and I had never written anybody in my life. I guess I was so happy to get away from home that I completely cut myself off from my family. I was just taking it easy at Charles Town, going to the racetrack and palling around with Charlie Camford and Alkie Darlington, and all of a sudden my father shows up. Damn, was he mad at me! He had traced me back to Charles Town, and he didn't come down to see me, he came down to take me home is what he did. When I

walked out the door of the house I was staying at, there he was. I says to myself, "Oh, oh" I don't know whether he was happy to see me or whether he wanted to beat the hell out of me—one of the two. And after he found me there and saw I was safe and everything, then he got mad. He was mad because I hadn't ever contacted him in over a year. I became some independent. I just told him, "Dad, you can take me home, but the first time you turn your back I'm just going to leave again. So the only thing we can do is just work out something between us." He was really on my back, and he was probably right, but I was just so buggy about Pennsylvania that I just didn't want to hear anything about it.

This was the first time I'd ever talked back to my father in my life. I then promised him I'd call him from time to time, after he told me we had a phone in the house now. So that kind of settled him down. After that the relationship between my father and myself was a hundred times better. He stayed on a couple of days and we went over everything,

and when he was satisfied he went home. From then on we had a terrific relationship. Some years later, when I was making real money, I bought him a place of his own so he could quit the coal mines.

Soon I was back with Junie Corbin again, and he took me to Cleveland with him. One day, while backing up Junie's car when the door was open, I tore the door half off. I was wondering whether I should tell him or not tell him. I was absolutely petrified. It was the first time I had ever done anything wrong like that, and I was responsible. When he saw the damage I told him I did it, but I also told him I'd work for him until I made enough money to pay for the door. That's how I went back to work for Corbin. He was paying me \$50 a week, and I had some money of my own saved up. But he absolutely would not permit me to pay for the car. That's the kind of a man he was.

This was the summer of 1952, and my pal, Alkie, had ridden five races for Junie. When we got to Wheeling, we won 15 races, but Alkie wasn't on any winners.



Christmas 1954 was the first that Bill, his sister Maxine and his father spent together after he started riding. He had just bought the house for his father.

Junie was getting some pressure from his owners. They didn't want to ride somebody who had not won a race. So the only solution they could figure out was for Junie to give Alkie his contract. Alkie went to work for another man, and he ended up winning a couple of races in Wheeling, and Alkie and I were still friends. We were still at Randall Park, and I knew what was coming next. Junie asked me if I wanted to ride a race, and I said, "No." And he says, "How come? You gallop a horse pretty good. Don't you think you're ready to ride?" I said, "I don't know anything about it—I don't want to ride." I told him that for two reasons: 1) Alkie was a very good friend of mine and I was a friend of his parents, and I knew if Corbin rode me after riding Alkie in five, and if I did happen to win a race, I just didn't want it to look like I took Alkie's job away from him; 2) I said, furthermore, that I was happy with my job, and I just had no confidence in myself. Exercising was great, but I didn't want to ride.

I was staying with Junie, and he never stopped bugging me. When we went back to Waterford Park he kept on the subject every night. He said, "I'll tell you what you do. Why don't you go home and get your father to sign a contract so that if you ever change your mind I won't have to send you home again." I was tired of him bugging me, I really was. But I thought, if I go home and get the contract, maybe that'll keep him quiet for a while. So he gave me his car, and I went home and my father signed the contract. It was just a basic contract that your parent has to sign if you are under 21. It called for something like room and board and \$25 a week.

I'm driving back from Pennsylvania to Waterford Park and I stop at this milk bar in Ohio, just across the river from West Virginia. Naturally, I'm interested in the horses, and I pick up the paper so that I can see if we're running anything tomorrow. I'm in there drinking a milkshake and I open the paper and I'm reading the selections—and I'm named on a horse! Absolutely named on a horse called *Half's Play*—and I died. There's my name staring me right in the face. I couldn't believe it, I absolutely couldn't

believe it. It was 10 at night and I got in that car and I drove across the river and I got my boss up and I bugged him all night.

"You can't do this to me," I said. "I mean, you've got to scratch the horse. I'm not going to ride him." I was really petrified. He said, "Yes, you are." I said, "I don't have any equipment." You know, that sneaky devil had gone out and bought me a saddle and all my equipment and had me all ready to go. I told him that my father hadn't signed the contract, but he went through all the luggage I had taken home until he found it.

I rode. But, boy, I'm telling you that I absolutely didn't know what in the hell to do. It was a short race, a sprint race. I can't even explain the feeling I had. I can't even remember how I felt except that I was petrified. First thing I did was forget to pull my goggles down. I'm way back in the pack, and my horse is 65 to 1. I got out of the gate on reflexes alone, because there was no planning there. From the time they put me in the gate I couldn't believe that it was happening, and the only thing that I can remember is that dirt was hitting me in the face. I'm telling you something: it's probably the most irritating thing you can do, to forget to pull your goggles down. Well, dirt was hitting me in the face and I didn't know where I was going, and anyhow by now the race was over and was I glad. I think I finished about sixth and only got beat about three lengths.

When I came back, Junie says, "That wasn't so bad, was it?" I said, "I was there and you're telling me it wasn't so bad!" He told me I only got beat three lengths, and I said, "I don't care how far I got beat, I still don't know what I'm doing."

The next day he entered a couple of horses but didn't name me to ride. Good, I thought, he's finally giving up on me. The following day he's got me named again, and again I forgot to pull my goggles down. Didn't know where I was at and finished way back. The day after that, he enters *Nickleby*. This was a bargain horse he got for \$100 and he could run pretty good. He had been ridden

before by a jock named Sammy Palumbo, and Palumbo was to the half-milers the same as Eddie Arcaro was to the mile racetracks.

The first two races I rode were sprints. Now, this horse, *Nickleby*, had won five races out of about nine or 10 starts, he was going a mile and an eighth and he had No. 12 post position, which means you break practically on the turn at Waterford Park. I told Junie, "You're crazy. You're putting me on a horse that really can run, and I don't even know what the hell I'm doing." He replied, "Just follow instructions, will you? You're going to be all right."

It's the last race of the day, and I'm in the jocks' room all day. To make matters worse, Sam Palumbo walked up to me. He had placed second on *Nickleby*, and he is now riding a horse called *Big Sid* to beat *Nickleby*. He comes over to me and says, "Hey, that horse you're on today can really run." I answered, "Hey, don't tell me that, please don't tell me that. It's bad enough as it is. I don't even want to ride, and you're telling me about this horse."

Then I sit there and try to figure out what the hell I'm going to do. I knew my horse has to come from behind. I also knew Sam Palumbo knew where he was going, so I figure if I can follow him, just watch everything he does, how can I make a mistake? I'll just do what he does, and when we turn for home I'll let my horse run.

I'm going to the gate and I'm thinking about what I'm going to do. When the gate goes up, I'm looking to the inside and I finally spot Sam Palumbo from my outside post position. I took my horse back and I dropped him in on the inside, and guess what? I forgot to pull down my goggles again. Three races in a row I forgot to pull my goggles down!

When we went into the turn I was in a perfect position, perfect. Now the dirt's hitting me in the face and I have a handful of horse. This horse could run. He was really a much better horse than what he was running against, and I can hardly see where I'm going. Now I can do one of two things: I can stay back there, blinded, with a handful of horse, but I'm afraid I'm going to run over

overboard

somebody. The only way I can pull my goggles down is to release my reins a little. I just can't pull them back, so it must have taken me a sixteenth of a mile to get my goggles down and by the time we're halfway around the turn. When I looked up, I was on the lead.

To this day I don't know where I came through—on the inside or around the horses. After I had gone to the lead and got my goggles down, I glanced around and took ahold of my horse. I don't think I ever hit him. I just sat there and talked to him. I mean, I didn't talk to him actually. I guess I was talking to myself more than anything else, and he just galloped in the race and paid \$18.40. That was my first winner. I rode my first race on October 11, 1952, and I broke my maiden on the 14th of October. It was the third horse I had ridden, and that was the beginning of my career.

I tell you, that boss of mine was just too much. He couldn't do for himself what he could do for someone else. He never rode himself, but between Junie Corbin and his foreman, Charlie Wright, they absolutely taught me.

I only rode the last six or seven days of that meeting, but with seven winners I ended up fourth top rider. George Sudham, who is now my secretary, was top jock there with something like 22 winners. After that week I knew my boss was gonna keep on riding me, and I couldn't let him down. I mean, I just couldn't keep on fighting him. He put everything on the line for me, and he told me everything. He instilled in me the kind of confidence that would help any young jockey starting to ride. He wouldn't tell me I made a mistake—I knew when I'd made a mistake. He would wait and beat around the bush and see if I'd admit to my own mistakes or spot them. Often, after I told him I'd made a mistake, he still wouldn't agree with me. He'd say, "Yeah, but you couldn't help it." Or something like that. It's pretty hard to explain how he did it, but he knew how to handle a young kid and get the best out of him. All I know is that after that I did everything in my power to be good.

Junie Corbin gave me some rules that I've never forgotten. He said, "The most

important thing, you be sure you're on your toes leaving the gate." There's a dozen things that you can be on guard about in the gate. Little bitty trivial things that a horse will do that will get you off just a split second faster. There's so many things and if you overlook them, sure, you may get away with it. But if you're on your toes 100% of the time and look for everything and have your reflexes working and your mind working, there's so many little things that you can do. It's phenomenal. That's why a lot of riders just never go anywhere, 'cause they do just the thing on the surface. This is one thing Junie taught me. He said, you just be on your toes at all times. Don't pretend that you're on your toes, don't think that you're on your toes. *Know* that you're on your toes.

Another thing he taught me was that the shortest way home is a rail. Absolutely the shortest way home is a rail; just keep that in mind no matter where you're at in a race. Always be prepared to go to the rail—always be prepared. You may never go to the rail—you may never have the opportunity—but be ready to go there at all times. Be prepared when other riders are not.

There are other things he told me that have made me. "Whatever you do," he used to say, "even if it appears that your horse is beat, just don't give up." Equally important was what he told me about honesty: "Bill, racing is a very funny business. I don't have to tell you, I think you know it, but I want to emphasize it again that the main thing is to be honest. If you do your best on every horse that you ride, no matter where you finish, you'll never have to worry about looking somebody in the face. You'll never have anything to worry about. You may finish last and you may hate it. You may finish fifth and you maybe should have won, and there's nothing wrong with making a mistake. But there is something wrong in not trying." I promised Junie Corbin that no matter what happened, if I never made anything out of myself, that I would never ever do anything dishonest as far as riding is concerned.

It has often been said about me that

I am as conscientious about riding the last race at Tropical Park as the Kentucky Derby. Well, I believe the man who owns the cheap horse deserves the same treatment as the man with a good horse. I would consider it dishonest to try harder on one man's horse than on another.

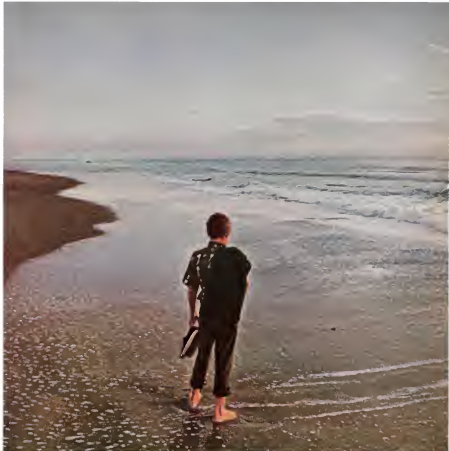
Junie also told me never to be afraid to stand on my own two feet. "You've got to make a decision one way or the other, and if you think you're right, make them prove you're wrong," he said. "You're gonna get repercussions. Don't take a stand on anything unless you're sure. If you're not sure, say you're not sure. But if you believe something to be a fact and if you buck down, you're gonna be just like everybody else. Make them prove you're wrong. You can get a line on how good your opinions are this way, because if you're proven wrong more times than you're proven right, then you better damn sight learn. You're gonna learn to be a little more careful about what you say."

What he said was the truth, too. After about 18 months with Junie, I didn't see him much for a while. He stayed at the half-milers when I moved on to the mile racetracks. And then there was all the garbage with the newspapermen, and everything. The first time he saw me again he said, "Bill, what are you doing? The papers read like you're a different person. These write-ups sound like you have really changed in the last couple of years. Everybody was boasting you the first year and a half you were riding. Now look what's happened. You're getting a lot of dirt thrown back in your face."

I knew damn well what he was doing. He was testing me. I turned to him and said, "Junie, you're the one that taught me what to do. If there's anyone to blame for the way I am, it's you. You better take the blame, 'cause you're the one that taught me." And he did.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NCAA

The preliminaries were over in the NCAA tournament, and the four regional survivors—UCLA in the West, Houston in the Midwest, North Carolina in the East and Dayton in the Midwest—were ready for the national championship round this weekend in Louisville (page 14). UCLA, everybody's favorite, had it easy beating Wyoming 109-60 and Pacific 80-64 in Corvallis, while Houston surprised Kansas 66-53 and then SMU 83-75 in Lawrence. North Carolina defeated Princeton 78-70 in overtime and Boston College 96-80 in College Park, and Dayton edged Tennessee 53-52 and Virginia Tech 71-66 in Evanston.

THE NIT

It was like a mob scene in an old Cecil B. DeMille spectacular. Hundreds of screaming fans poured out of the stands at New York's Madison Square Garden and raised the weary but unrepentant Southern Illinois players to their shoulders for the standard winners' parade. Then came the inevita-

ble chant, "We're No. 1, we're No. 1."

The Salukis had just beaten Marquette 71-56 before a sellout crowd of 18,491, almost as many people as in all of Carbonate, to win the National Invitation Tournament championship. It was easily the greatest athletic triumph ever for Southern Illinois—officially a "small college" but with major ambitions—which had passed up an almost certain college-division title for a chance to play with the big schools in the NIT. It was a calculated risk, and the Salukis had calculated well.

Before the NIT, Southern Illinois had a 20-2 record and victories over Texas Western and Louisville. The team featured a Little All-America, Walt Frazier, a broad-shouldered 6'3" guard with all the moves and shots of a pro. Ed Zaspor and Roger Bechtold, both excellent playmakers, alternated at the other guard. The forwards were Dick Garrett, a skinny, hot-shooting sophomore, and 6'4" Clarence Smith, a wriggly leaper. At center, 6'7" Ralph Johnson was unspectacular but had the knack of coming up with a basket or a rebound at precisely the right moment. Coach Jack Hartman, a tough, no-nonsense man, had taught them to play his disciplined offense and defense, and they did it extremely well.

Still, all looked as if Southern Illinois would never make it past Duke in the quarterfinals, especially when the teams were tied 37-37 at the half. But the Salukis continued to attack Duke's zone defense diligently and actually outscored the bigger Blue Devils 47-41 to cut off their fast break. Bob Verga kept Duke in the game with 24 points, but Garrett scored 18, Frazier and Johnson 17 apiece and Southern won out 72-63.

Rutgers was next for Southern Illinois in the semifinals, and the Scarlet Knights, well-coached by Bill Foster, had been the biggest surprise of the tournament. They had upset New Mexico 65-60 with a superb game. Rutgers kept the ball away from 6'9" Mel Daniels with a 1-2-2 zone, and Bobby Lloyd's 23 points gave the Knights a 13-point lead with 2:39 to go. The desperate Lobos went to a press, but Rutgers managed to survive.

That put Rutgers in with Southern Illinois, and even Coach Foster was amazed. "I really don't know what we're doing here," he said, "but I'm grateful. Our kids have been just fantastic." They were even more fantastic, for a while, against the Salukis. Little Jimmy Valvano put in his first eight

shots, missed one and then made his 10th. Lloyd scored 16 points, Bob Greacen grabbed off rebounds and the Knights led 44-36 at the half. But Southern soon put an end to Rutgers' hopes. The Salukis shut off Valvano and Lloyd with a slick 2-3 zone, got control of the boards and Frazier and Garrett began hitting. Rutgers' lead soon disappeared, but the Knights kept it close until the last two minutes. Southern Illinois finally won 79-70 as Frazier scored 26 points and Garrett 22. "We just stayed in closer touch with them in the second half," explained Hartman. There was some consolation for Rutgers, though. They later trounced Marshall 93-76 for third place as Lloyd had his best game of the year. He scored 44 points to set a new NIT record of 429 and boosted his career total to 2,045. Bobby also finished the season with 255 free throws in 277 attempts for a .921 percentage, the best in the nation.

MARQUETTE, meanwhile, was pulling off a few surprises also, and it was beginning to look like old home week for Coach Al McGuire, a former New Yorker. The Warriors got caught up in a real wringing with Providence and won it 81-80 in overtime. The big problem for Marquette, of course, was Jimmy Walker, and McGuire alternated Jim Burke, Brad Luchini and Blanton Simmons on him. But Walker still scored 36 points, and the teams were tied 74-74 at the end of regulation time. The strategy in overtime was fierce. McGuire and Providence's Joe Mullane platooned substitutes on offense and defense, called for time-outs and raced up and down the sidelines shouting instructions to their players. At one point they met at midcourt. McGuire shook out his hand, Mullane shook it and then they went back to work. Marquette squeezed out the victory when Walker's last-second shot bounced off the rim.

Then came Marshall in the semifinals. The free-wheeling Thundering Herd had just bombed Nebraska 119-88 in a shocking match with George Stone, a 6'7" gunner, scoring 46 points. "They could blow us right out of the gym," worried McGuire. He put George Thompson, a 6'2" forward who jumps like a 7-footer, on Stone, and the pair had a merry old time muscling each other. Thompson came away with a mouse under his eye, but he outscored Stone 28 to 24. Bob Wolf had 21 points and Marquette won 83-78.

Both coaches were apprehensive before the final. Hartman was concerned about Thompson. "He doesn't know how tall he is," the Saluki coach said. "That whole Marquette bunch jumps right out of the place." McGuire wondered if he could disrupt the Salukis' even pace. "They don't look like a club that can be shaken," he said.

But Marquette almost shook Southern right at the start. Wolf flipped in five long



TRUMPHANT RIDE was carried by Saluki Frazier, NIT's Most Valuable Player.

Blood, Sweat, Toil but No Tears from Tunney

The speakeasy crowd said it was an easy fight for Harry Greb, but somewhere in the midst of it a battered and bleeding young bookworm figured out how the champion could be taken

by JAMES R. FAIR

From time to time a particularly rough heavyweight fight puts the stigma of brutality on the sport of boxing. But to those of us who watched Harry Greb of Pittsburgh beat a youngster named Gene Tunney for the light-heavyweight championship of the U.S. back in 1922, no heavyweight fight since has seemed much more than a schoolyard spat. The fight in the old Madison Square Garden that night in the '20s was so sanguinary that the ring floor and the ring ropes actually were drenched in blood. Referee Kid McParland and the reporters at ringside were liberally splattered. It was certainly the bloodiest fight of my time (and I go back to 1912) and maybe the bloodiest since the Romans fought with cestus.

In the first 10 seconds of the first round Greb broke Gene's nose in two places. Seconds later he opened a long, ugly gash over Gene's left eye, and from then on until the bell ended it in the 15th round Tunney's face was an inch-thick mask of blood. Doctors estimated he may have lost two quarts. "By the third round," wrote Grantland Rice, "Gene was literally wading in his own blood." The gore was so thick on Greb's gloves that he had to step back and hold them out so the referee could wipe them off with a towel.

Through it all Gene fought back, always with tenacity, often with verve. He wavered now and then, but he didn't flounder. Greb would rain a fusillade of blows against Tunney's face, down which blood cascaded, then push him away and ask the referee, "Wanna stop it?" McParland would ask Gene, "How about it?" And Gene would shake his head. Every now and then when it looked as though McParland might succumb to common sense and stop the slaughter, Gene would plead with him: "For God's sake, don't stop it."

Round after round Greb slammed Tunney into the ropes and smashed him with knife-sharp blows to head and body. It was awful to watch. McPar-

land used up half a dozen towels wiping the blood off Greb's gloves. After each cleansing, McParland would move away from the fighters and Greb would leap to the attack again. His fists would thud against Gene's face, the blood would gush and McParland would duck to avoid further splashing.

As the fight wore on Tunney began to grow weak from the killing, relentless pace. Time after time he would use his forearms to wipe away the blood that

was blinding him, but he wouldn't quit. He would momentarily support himself against the ropes and paw at his tormentor with arms that were weary, aching, leaden things. He smiled in three of the toughest rounds (13th, 14th and 15th), as he had smiled in earlier rounds when it was touch and go as to whether McParland would stop it. They were tired half smiles, but disdainful, and they said with fierce resolve, "I'm the champion and if you want my title you'll

continue



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Circulation:
7,000,000

Blood and Sweat

have to fight me until I am incapable of defending a—and that I, not yet."

If a title had not rested on his decision, McParland almost surely would have stopped the fight. But a referee of integrity will think hard before deciding against a champion who is taking a beating without flinching and pleading to be allowed to go on. All Greb could do was continue to pummel Gene. At the end of 15 brutal, terrifying rounds he gave Gene over to his handlers and loped off with his new title. Battered as he was, Tunney crossed the ring to Greb's corner, shook his hand and congratulated him. Then he said, "Harry, you were the better man—tonight."

"Won the championship?" shouted an exuberant Greb as one of his handlers kissed him on his unmarked face while several others half carried, half dragged him from the ring. But Gene, his body bruised, his face a pulpy mask, stumbled toward his dressing room, rivulets of blood from both cheeks meeting at the point of his chin and dropping onto his chest. He collapsed before he got there, and his handlers carried him the rest of the way. The moment supporting hands left him he fell, the back of his head striking the rubbing table.

After the fight, still looking comparatively fresh, Greb threw on his clothes, then hustled uptown to his pet speakeasy, paid the orchestra to play his and his friends' favorite tunes and danced until the musicians fell asleep. Happy Alhacker, a Greb sidekick, had given one and some other Pittsburgh newspapermen the wrong name of Greb's hideout by mistake, and by the time we found him some of us had searched too long and too hard in too many speakeasies, an experience we learned under the heading of research on our swindle sheets. The new champion was sfigery and looked wan. I asked him what was wrong.

"What's wrong?" he said irritably. "You've heard what all these people are saying about what an easy fight it was for me. They're crazy. It wasn't an easy fight, it was my hardest. I was so arm-weary and leg-tired from trying to knock Gene out I was in almost as bad shape as he was, but because he lost so much blood and I didn't lose any these boobs tell me I had a soft touch. Would you call an opponent a soft touch if you had hit him as hard as you could for 15 rounds and seldom made him stagger?"

Why, I couldn't even come close to dropping him. I was in there with a guy tonight who has an iron jaw and an iron will, and I don't look forward to our next meeting."

Someone said, "But you'll fight him again, won't you?"

"Sure. Fighting is my trade and I'll fight him any time, but it's gonna be a different story the next time."

The late Harry Keck, dean of Pittsburgh sports editors, was the first of only three well-known reporters to pick Gene to beat Dempsey for the heavy-weight title in Philadelphia in 1926 and then to pick him to retain it in a rematch in Chicago the next year. Keck asked Greb that night if Tunney had hurt him at any time during the fight.

"Hell, yes," said Greb. "He hurt me in damn nearly every round—and him bleeding the way he was. Don't let anyone tell you he's just a counterpunching boxer who can't hurt you. He's the most punishing and most accurate hater I ever fought. If you don't take the fight to him he'll take it to you, and any move you make is usually the wrong one. You end up catching a left in the puss and a stinging straight right to the body. I couldn't keep away from that right."

Greb excused himself for a moment. When he returned to the bar he admitted that on two trips to the toilet since leaving the Garden, he had passed blood in his urine. "That's the first time that ever happened to me," the fighter said, "and I've been belted in the body by the hardest punchers in the business. Also you may notice I'm not ordering no steak tonight. That's because my face stopped so many left hooks, left jabs and right crosses it feels like somebody's been hitting it with a sledge hammer. I'll bet I never really hurt Gene at all. I just blooded him, and the loss of all that blood weakened him."

As there and more speakasy customers came up to congratulate him on his easy victory, Greb began to get really cranky. Finally he told one of them, "You're congratulating the wrong man. I'm not Harry Greb. This is Greb sitting next to me." He touched my arm. "Get up, Harry, and show this gentleman that series of punches you hit Gene with in the first round. Don't be shy. Get up and show him, champ." Unable to find my arms and not sure where my legs were (this was not an abnormal condition for anyone who had researched as many

speakers as I have it put up—and fell across Greb's lap.

"That's the way it happened, mister, a beautiful reenactment," Greb told the customer, who stood there blinking in wonderment until one of his friends led him away.

Turney himself, interviewed after the fight, had a less dramatic, but perhaps more informative explanation of what had happened. He gave at least some of the credit to Abe Ariell, the old (1904-1912) featherweight champion who was a ring-side spectator. "Abe was sitting near my corner," said Greb, "and when he saw the sorry condition I was in he ducked out to the nearest drugstore and bought his entire supply of adrenalin chloride, a coagulant. He slipped the bottle to Doc Bagley, my manager. Between rounds Doc's fingers flew. He is a superb cut man. He managed to stop the bleeding, but he couldn't keep Greb from biting my face apart after that."

As a boxing writer, I must have covered more than 10,000 fights. I never in all my life saw anyone take a more sustained beating or lose more blood than Turney did that night. And yet as he lay on the rubbing table, in complete control of his mental faculties but too weak to sit up, he recalled every round of the fight from opening to closing bell, and discussed them like an impartial expert.

"I discovered early that it was possible for me to whip Greb," he said. "As each round went by, this discovery became a positive certainty."

The discovery bore fruit in four successive fights against Greb: two 15-rounders in the old Garden, a 10-rounder each in Cleveland and St. Paul. Never again would Turney be beaten by Greb or by anyone else. He lost just that once in 77 fights. Six months after losing the 175-pound title back to Turney (in February, 1923), Greb lifted the middleweight title from Johnny Wilson in a roughhouse during which Referee Jack O'Sullivan stepped between these rugged practitioners and, glowering at Greb, asked him what he thought he was doing. "Gauging Johnny in the eye, can't you see?" Greb said haughtily. Satisfied with this explanation, O'Sullivan moved away, and the fighters returned to work. Greb was the world middleweight, Turney the American light-heavyweight champion in their last three fights. Weight was no problem to Greb, who could fight at 158 pounds one

continued

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ALABAMA

Blood and Sweat continued

week, 170-175 the next with no loss of speed, endurance or sharpness. He lost his 160-pound title to Tiger Flowers in February of 1926 and failed to regain it in a rematch the following August, when he retired. He died two months later, on October 22. Gene Tunney had been heavyweight champion one day short of a month. He dropped everything and went to Pittsburgh to serve as honorary pallbearer to the man of whom he had seen so much inside the ring and so little outside it.

"Few human beings have fought each other more savagely or more often than Harry Greb and I," Tunney wrote in his autobiography, *Armies for Living*, published by Wilfred Funk in 1941. "We punched and cut and bruised each other in a series of bouts, five of them. The first of the five is for me an enduring memory, a memory still terrifying."

"I was in bad shape for the bout. This was in the time when my hands were chronically ailing with imperfectly mended fractures, sore and swollen. . . . Before going into the ring Novocain was shot into them to deaden the pain that would ensue upon striking blows. Moreover, I had above my left eye a half-healed cut sustained in training. Adrenalin chloride was injected into the eyebrow to prevent the cut from bleeding too much if reopened by Greb's punches. Then the bout started, and the nightmare began. In the first exchange of the fight I sustained a double fracture of the nose which bled continually. . . . Toward the end of the first round my left eyebrow was laid open four inches. In the third another cut over the right eye left me looking through a red film. For the better part of 12 rounds I saw a red phantom-like form dancing before me. It is impossible to describe the bloodiness of this fight. . . . How I ever survived the 13th, 14th and 15th rounds is still a mystery to me."

"All five of our fights were of that order of savagery. My showing became better from one to another—and in the last one I beat Harry about as badly as he had beaten me in the first. The ferocity of the hammering Greb took is indicated by a remark he made toward the end. In a clinch, he said, 'Gene, don't knock me out.' That from Harry Greb was monumental. No one was gamer. Pain and punches meant nothing to him—the cruel mauling, the bruising punishment. But Harry, hopelessly beaten, didn't want the

folks back home to read that he had been knocked out. I was never paid a higher tribute. Here was one of the greatest fighters of all time laying down his shield, admitting defeat and knowing I would not expose him. . . . Greb was curiously secretive in pride, oddly vain. He was concerned about his looks. . . . When tough Harry Greb went to one of the roughhouse, slugging brawls for which he was famous, he took with him not merely his pugilistic equipment, trunks, bathrobe, ring shoes. Invariably he carried along a comb and brush, mirror, and—marvel at it—a powder puff! Going into the ferocious fracas, he always had his hair plastered down with stuccum. This was one of the strangest eccentricities I ever observed in the realm where fists thud into the human visage. . . . Harry Greb's vanity about his looks cost him his life. Returning from the ring with a substantial and hard-earned fortune, his first concern was his nose, flat and shapeless from countless punches and repeated fractures. Like an aging society beauty, he resorted to plastic surgery. He died on the operating table while his nose was being made shapely. . . . He and I remained the best of friends, with never the slightest bit of anger or ill will."

A week or 10 days following his last Tunney fight, Greb was having a drink with friends in the Times Square area.

"I'm through fighting Gene," he said quietly. "He's too tough, hits too hard and knows what moves I'm gonna make before I do." He glanced around the speakeasy to be sure no outsiders were listening. "He was killing me in St. Paul," he confided. "I knew I couldn't stay the 10-round distance, and I didn't want to be knocked out or have the referee stop it, so I asked him in a clinch to take it easy. 'Sure, Harry,' he said, 'Stay in close and grab and hold, and I won't hurt you.' I knew I could trust him, and he knew I wasn't playing possum."

Greb thanked Gene right after the fight for a courtesy he had never before and would never again ask an opponent to grant him. Gene patted him on the back. "You're a good boy, Harry," he said. "We're friends, aren't we?"

Before leaving the speakeasy, Greb said to Packey O'Gatley, "There's something I want cleared up. Is it true, as the newspapers say, that Gene reads books?"

"Sure, it's true," Packey assured him. "I seen him read books lotta times in training camps."

END

jumpers, Thompson twisted in a few layups, Burke shot a couple of 16-0 third sets and the Warriors led 34-23 at the half. But the Salukis did not panic. They tightened up their defense in the second half, ribbled away slowly at the Marquette lead and suddenly broke loose. Johnson, Frazier, Bechtold, Garrett and Clarence Smith began throwing in baskets, and they outscored the Warriors 25-4 in the next eight minutes to go ahead 59-46. The game was over, Frazier had 21 points, 11 rebounds and five assists.

Hartman broke out in a big smile, but he blanched a little when someone asked if he wanted to play UCLA. "You sure got a nasty sense of humor," he replied. "I think we want to set around and tooth this victory for a while." Over in the Marquette dressing room, McGuire said wearily, "We lost our poise. They didn't." He was right.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

With Southern Illinois out of the NCAA college division tournament by choice, eight hopeful regional winners gathered in Evansville, Kentucky Wesleyan, the defending champion, was the favorite, but WINSTON-SALEM, a team that had been overlooked in the national rankings all year despite a 28-1 record, was determined to make the most of its first shot at the championship.

Winston-Salem Coach Clarence (Big House) Games, a jolly 290-pounder with a soft voice, liked his Rams to run and gun, and his game plan was simple. He told his

players, "When you need it give it to the money man." The money man is Earl Monroe, a slick 6'4" shooter who had scored 1,236 points for a 42.6 average and had pro scouts tripping over themselves trying to get to him. Monroe scored 29 points as Winston-Salem beat Long Island University 62-54 in a slowdown and 24 more in a madhouse 82-73 victory over Kentucky Wesleyan in the semifinal. But he was at his best in the final against southwest missouri, which had beaten Valparaiso 86-72 and Illinois State 93-76 in earlier games. The Bears shut off Winston-Salem's fast break with some tough rebounding and tried to shakele Monroe with a 1-2-2 zone. But Earl, firing away unconcernedly, poured in 40 points to increase his alltime college one-season record to 1,329, including two free throws with 25 seconds left to put the Rams ahead 77-74. Then Monroe put on a show. He dribbled the ball between his legs, behind his back and, finally, through three opposing players as Coach Games watched admiringly. "He makes coaching pretty easy," said Big House happily.

The six-day NAIA tournament in Kansas City seemed to go on continuously. It started with 32 teams, all district champions, and the sound of basketballs thumping loudly on the hardwood floor in Municipal Auditorium filled the air from early morning until late at night for the first three days. By Saturday the tournament was down to two teams—St. Benedict's of Atchison, Kans. and Oklahoma Baptist.

Top-seeded St. Benedict's had reached the finals by beating Linfield (Ore.) 80-75, Southern State (Ark.) 67-56, St. Mary's of San Antonio, 85-73 and Morris Harvey (W. Va.) 73-70. OKLAHOMA BAPTIST, seeded No. 3, had beaten Alcorn A&M (Miss.) 55-52, Valdosta State (Ga.) 70-62, Southwestern Louisiana 66-65 and Central Washington 78-68.

The big problem for St. Benedict's was Al Tucker, skinny and 6'8", who had scored 117 points in four previous games. Coach Ralph Nolan figured he had to keep Tucker away from the basket and started off playing him man-to-man. But Tucker beat that strategy. When he was not firing in long-range jumpers he shuffled inside for hooks, drives, reverse layups and stuffs. Tucker jammed in 47 points to earn acclaim as the tournament's MVP, but not quite enough to give the Baptists a victory. St. Benedict's had better balance. Darryl Jones, a miffy feeder, and Bill Wewers each scored 29 points and led the Ravens to a 71-65 win for the championship.

On a slightly lower level but with as much action, MOBERLY, Mo. won the National Junior College title in Hutchinson, Kans. Moberly edged San Jacinto of Pasadena, Texas 56-55 on Harrison Stogner's free throw with 10 seconds to play.

END



Answers to Munsingwear. "Know Your Pros" Quiz (P.45)

Score one for every correct answer. 13-18 correct
Expts. 8-12 Birds: 7-11 Par. 6-10 Began. 3-5
Double Began. 0-2 Tame. anyone!

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Charlie Sifford | 10. Bob Gaulty |
| 2. Tommy Jacobs | 11. Rex Baker |
| 3. Frank Beard | 12. Ben Jenney |
| 4. Billy Casper | 13. Dale Groppe |
| 5. Jack Pate | 14. Al Belding |
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOWARD THE GREAT

Sirs:

Howard Cosell is egotistical, self-righteous, tactless and often maudlin (*Would You Let This Man Interview You?* March 13). He is a genuinely disgusting person. Right? Wrong! Howard Cosell is, indeed, the greatest sportscaster around. Yet his ability to lift the sports interview out of the morass of triviality and insincerity is not his greatest asset or distinction. In a world populated by corporation men and faceless newsmen, Howard Cosell stands as a last bastion against the cancer of conformity. The man is a man. This is the essence of Howard Cosell.

GARY GROVE

Bangor, Me.

Sirs:

I feel extremely sorry for Emu Cosell. She can't turn Howard off.

RONALD LYNN

Charlestown, Ind.

MCPALMER & CO.

Sirs:

For more than 10 years I sat on the board of directors of a national meat-packing trade association with James D. Cooney (*My Friend, Arnold Palmer*, March 6 et seq.). This was during the difficult period when his leadership caused Wilson & Co. to change with the times by eliminating unprofitable and obsolete multistory meat-packing plants at railroad junctions and moving them as smaller units to the source of livestock or into the population centers. The end result was the change from a stagnant international company to an up-to-date profitable operation.

There is no question that it was a hard decision for Golf Buff Cooney to refuse to approve the Palmer contract with their subsidiary, Wilson Sporting Goods Company. The decision of the judge (who never sat on the bench but came up through the legal department) to turn down the Palmer contract was obviously in the best interest of Wilson & Co.

The final result has been just right. Wilson & Co. and Arnold Palmer have both prospered in their particular fields.

WILLIAM KLING

Huntsville, Ala.

Sirs:

There's yet another facet to Mark McCormack, merchant prince, turner and biographer.

When I first called on Mark to discuss making a handyman out of Arnold Palmer, I was greeted with an exuberant handshake and the proclamation, "I saw Frankie Park-

er murder you in Chicago!" I said he couldn't have been born when I last played Parker, but it turned out that he had and that, moreover, Mark, a fine golfer, was really a frustrated tennis hacker. He was brought up by a golfing father, a short pitch from the club fairway, but for years played hockey in search of tennis practice.

In fact, I would like to think that our deal really got off the ground through tennis—not golf!

SUSAN BL. WOOD JR.

New York City

SIDELIGHTS ON DARK

Sirs:

Perhaps William Leggett has planted the kiss of death on Kansas City's amazing youngsters with his article (*Dark's Outlook Is Dour and Bright*, March 13).

Indeed, it was the fairest assessment of the Athletics' potential in many years. The "underground railroad" to New York has been discontinued, and Alvin Dark is molding a contender out of youth and positive thinking.

One more favor, though—cancel all subscriptions to the *Illustrated* training camp. It seems that the buildup has worked in a negative direction—the A's have won only a few exhibition games.

ROBERT T. KIRNEY

Olathe, Kans.

Sirs:

Before Alvin Dark envisions his team in the first division this season, it would be smarter for him to deal for a left-handed starting pitcher. Judging by his lineup of boy wonders it is quite obvious not one wears his glove on the right hand. Dark may have the best young mound corps in the league, but without a southpaw his team will find it difficult to escape the Dark cellar.

A suggested trade? All six for Whitey Ford.

J. ALLEN CALDERON

Providence

STICK WITH STALBALL

Sirs:

Excellent article (*Smallball—a Game to Sleep By*, March 13) by Joe Jares, but I am opposed to any 24- or 30-second clock in college basketball. This would serve only to deprive today's coaches of the mechanisms used to pull off an upset—which is the most exciting and most anticipated event in the basketball world.

The stalkers are booted constantly in their efforts to make a close game of an apparent mismatch, and yet those same so-called basketball fans turn around and cheer their own

team for employing the same strategy. Besides, the defense is at fault a good percentage of the time, because they are obligated to force action if they are tied or behind in score. I say if the defense wants the basketball—let them go get it!

HAROLD STODOLSKY JR.

New Preston, Conn.

GIANT KILLER

Sirs:

Much has been written in your magazine searching for an answer to modify college basketball to offset the advantages of the supertall individual. I have enjoyed reading many of these proposals but none have any answers.

I have one idea that seems workable and will not require new or strange rules, and can be adapted overnight without affecting the game as we know it. Use the regulation basketball court, but move the backboards three feet beyond the court. This will prevent the tall men from using their height advantage by camping under the boards and putting in rebounds, and it will place a premium on shooting from the outside. Stuff shots and layups can still be made provided that the player makes a leaping shot and releases the ball prior to touching out of bounds. Otherwise, the present rules will be adequate to cover the game.

JOHN S. SANDICH

El Paso

ALAS, NO VASSS

Sirs:

In your recent tennis article (*Two Times One Equals Zero*, March 13), Bill Talbert did not mention the most absurd aspect of the whole ridiculous week. The promoters of the amateur tournament, having rejected VASSS, could not decide on any one scoring system and so used three. As a result the tournament was conducted in such confusion that time ran out before the final match could be completed. Can you imagine paying \$10 and then not seeing the ninth inning, the 18th hole or the fourth quarter?

JAMES VAN ALLEN

Newport, R.I.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Sirs:

Congratulations for catching our orthographic deception (*SCORECARD*, March 13). Only those who know the difference between "curriculum" and "curruculum" are considered for admission.

SAMUEL B. PEARSON

The Loomis School

Windsor, Conn.

● How about "their" and "its"?—ED.



I, bold, brawny Bob Bevens, am a flavor grabber.

I never took a thing in my life. Before Petey Hansen joined my engineering crew, that is. You've seen him. Red hair. Freckles. Always smoking those L&M's.

So, last week, while he's out surveying, I grab one of his L&M's. Not bad! Not sharp. Not flat. But a good round flavor you don't get in any other filter cigarette.

Later, when Petey's busy, I grab another L&M. Then later another. All of a sudden I'm a flavor grabber. Me, the chief engineer. So I run to the corner and buy my own L&M's. I dig, when you grab hold of an L&M, you grab hold of flavor.

Now, will the guy on the crane who grabbed my L&M's please toss 'em back down!

Johnston & Murphy shoe about \$10.00 at: Whitehouse & Harty, New York; Hess Shoes, Baltimore; Burdine's, Miami; Coppens, Miami Beach; Hughes Hatcher-Burton, Detroit; Huggins L., Philadelphia & Co., Chicago; Hayslett's, Phoenix; Semmer & Kaufmann, San Francisco; Jones Shoes, Los Angeles; Bynona's, Dallas; Los Angeles; Saks Fifth & Co., Ltd., Honolulu.



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